WRECK OF THE "MAINE."—ZOLA TRIAL.—SPANISH NAVY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

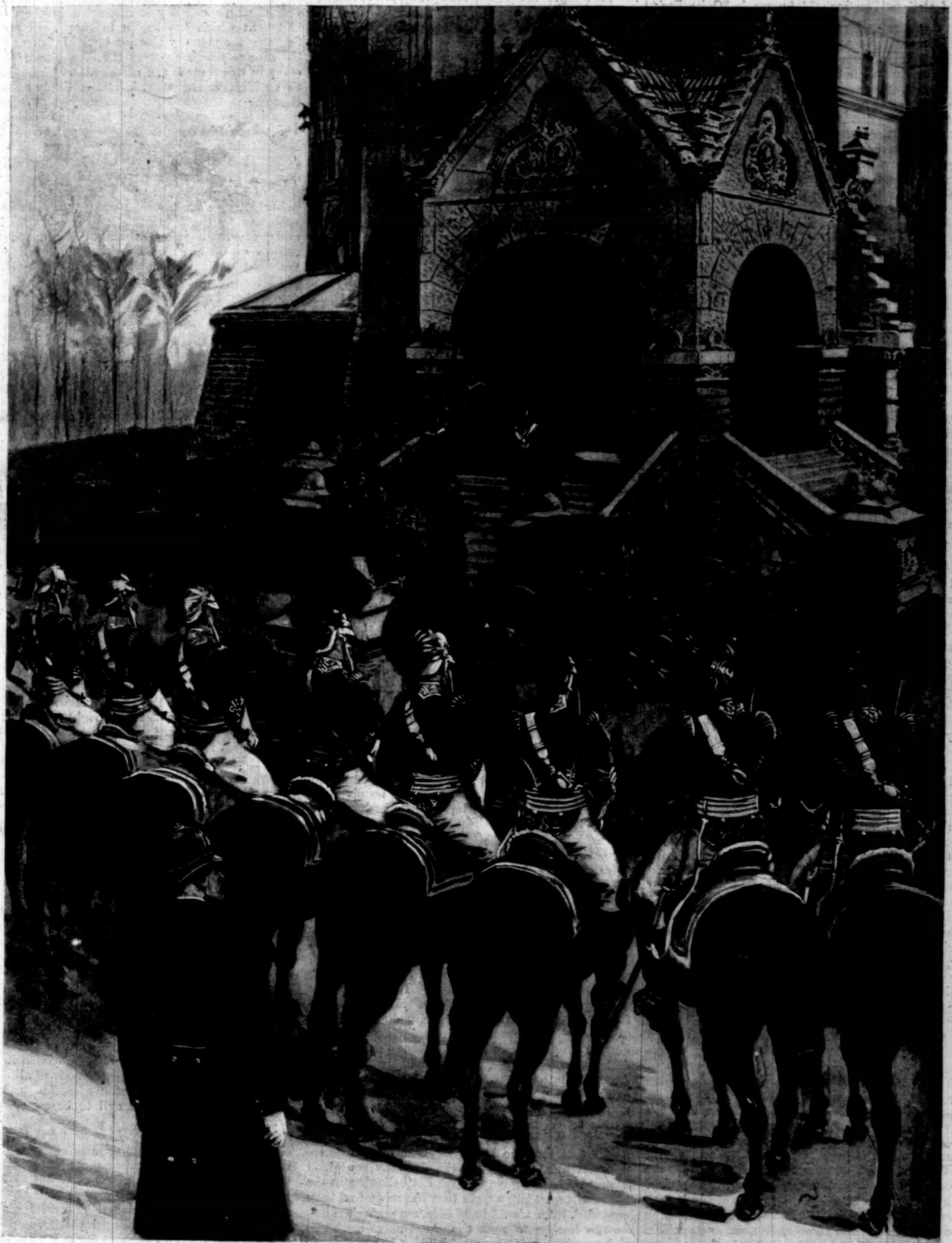
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLII.—No. 2150.

Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1898.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, PHILADELPHIA.

President McKinley's Reception at the Library Building.—[See Page 235.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 5, 1898

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy — $4 00 a Year, in Advance

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico

Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

THE German agrarians are determined on a tariff war with the United States, and it is probably because the government wishes at least to appear to favor their purpose that orders have been issued shutting out American fruit and American horses until they pass inspection. The matter is really of but very little moment, because the very large majority of the sensible German press and of all the commercial classes of the empire understand that a tariff war with the United States would mean nothing but disaster and ruin to the material interests of Germany.

IT is announced that Mr. CROKER does not know when he will sail for Europe, but that he intends to sail some time in the spring is not doubted. We think ourselves that it will be after the adjournment of PLATT'S Legislature; but we are unable to guess which of the rumors concerning his intended visit to England is true—whether he goes to look after his race-horses, or to close his establishment, or to discover why the London press treats Lord SALISBURY and Mr. GLADSTONE with more respect than the New York press accords to him and PLATT. Of one thing we are sure: he will be with us during the working months so long as Tammany has control of the public funds.

THE Senate the other day had an opportunity to make some amends for its hasty and ill-considered conduct in the past on the question of our attitude to Spain and the Cuban insurrection. Senator ALLEN insisted on inserting in the diplomatic and appropriation bill a resolution offensive to Spain, charging that country with barbarity and cruelty, and practically recognizing belligerency. This was too much even for the bellicose MORGAN, who announced that he was ready for declaring war against Spain, but not ready to provoke her to war in an indirect way by an amendment to an appropriation bill. Jingoes are ready for war so long as nothing but talk is involved, but they are often unprepared for the final step. Perhaps MORGAN'S self-restraint is a sign of gravity. Mr. ALLEN'S resolution received only five votes in a total of fifty-six.

THERE is likely to be trouble between France and England growing out of the invasion by the former of the kingdom of Sokoto, in the Legos hinterland. Whether the French are determined to vindicate their army, whose honor has been so vigorously assailed, in the opinion of the army chiefs, in the ZOLA trial, by giving it an opportunity to glorify itself in war, or whether they are determined simply to make a clear pathway for themselves from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, it is clear that they are willing to provoke Great Britain into war; and as Great Britain is the friend of free commerce in Africa, as she is in China, where, we are glad to say, her loan has been accepted, she ought to have the sympathy of this country. In fact, international affairs throughout the world are so shaping themselves that England and the United States are coming to be the sole representatives of popular and free government against militarism and arbitrary power.

NOTWITHSTANDING the undoubted public excitement caused by news of the disaster to the *Maine*, we are glad to say that the visit of the *Vizcaya* was attended with no unpleasant incident beyond a characteristic display of bad manners by Mayor VAN WYCK, who received a visit from Captain EULATE in stupid and ill-mannered silence. Mayor VAN WYCK may be ignorantly or purposely boorish. If he is ignorant of the requirements of good manners, he is to be pitied; but at least he ought to know, if he regarded Captain EULATE as a possible enemy, that all men, not wholly barbarous, are especially polite to those with whom they expect to fight. Even prize-fighters, with whose customs the Mayor may be familiar, shake hands when they enter the ring. The *Vizcaya* came to New York to make a return visit for that of the *Maine* at Havana, and while she was guarded with the utmost care by both Federal and city authorities, there was no attempt made by any insane or wicked person to blow her up; and we have no doubt that so far as our government was concerned it manifested precisely the same feeling that the Spanish authorities would have manifested in protecting the *Maine* if they had been aware that any danger threatened her.

WE do not mean to intimate our belief that the destruction of the *Maine* was not due to accident. We think that it is the duty of every citizen to follow the admirable example set by Captain SIGSBEE, who says, "It is better to know than to think." As a matter of fact, we know nothing about the cause of the accident to the *Maine*, and all insinuations that are made by persons in authority, or having the public ear, suggesting that the explosion was not due to accident, but to a malicious purpose to destroy her on the part of Spaniards or of Spanish authorities, are wicked incitements to causeless war. We say causeless war, referring entirely to the incident of which we are now speaking, because if it cannot be shown that the *Maine* was blown up purposely, and if we cannot connect the Spanish government with that purpose, there is no cause for war. If the ship was destroyed by design, the government will probably have a claim for damages against the Spanish government, but a claim for damages is not in itself a cause for war. The coolness, self-restraint, and dignity which have characterized our government and most of the public afford occasion for pride in the nation. The tone which the country, through its government, has maintained indicates that the real character of democracy is not shown by the noisy Jingoes, whose outcries are not inspired by patriotism, but by a desire for ignorant votes, or contracts for war supplies, or larger circulation, depending upon the trade in which each particular Jingo is engaged, whether it be politics or speculation or newspapers.

WHAT sensational newspapers have done may be shown by a brief examination of one number of an excitable journal which has been doing its best to stir up a war feeling in the country. It ought to be said that its special rival in this field is not worthy of further notice than the statement that nearly every one of its head-lines has been contradicted by that part of its news which bears a semblance to truth, and that most of its news has been plainly untrue. The paper first mentioned gave, the other day, a pretended statement of the number of guns in place in New York Harbor. It is unnecessary to examine this statement in detail, but the importance of it may be judged from the fact that every gun that has been delivered, whether it is mounted or not, was counted as in place and ready for use, while in one instance at least the number of mortars in a fort was exactly doubled. At the head of a long despatch the paper's efforts to secure control of the investigation of the wreck by its own divers were mentioned in large and black type, but there was no allusion to the fact that in the despatch, which was dated Havana, it was stated that no dirigible torpedo could work such havoc over such a wide area as had been worked in the *Maine*; that there was no knowledge whatever possessed by any one as to the cause of the disaster; that the wounded sailors of the *Maine* were so well treated on the *Alfonso XII.* and in the hospital at Havana that visitors were told by the wounded that they were not afraid of dying there except from the gout. There was no occasion for suppressing these facts, unless there was a general desire on the part of the author of the head-lines, and the editor who passed them, to suppress all news that would allay resentment against the Spanish. In another part of the paper the head-lines told its readers that Professor ALGER, the naval authority on explosives, said that the force was terrific, and that only a submarine mine of great size could have caused such destruction. The despatch showed that Professor ALGER'S statement was that *if* the explosion was caused by a mine, an immense charge of a great many hundred pounds of powder would have been required. Professor ALGER meant to throw doubt upon the theory that the explosion was caused by a mine, so that the head-line deliberately misrepresented him. Moreover, the despatch contained Professor ALGER'S reasons for not believing in the mine theory. They were that if a mine had been exploded, there would have been sea enough raised in the harbor to rock the great ships anchored there and to swamp small boats. There was no such sea raised, so far as Professor ALGER knew. Moreover, a mine explosion would have filled the harbor with dead fish, if living fish had been there before the explosion. Moreover, Professor ALGER said that the noise from an exploded mine would have been a dull and heavy sound, and not the sharp one described in the despatches. That was such a sound as would have come from an explosion in the ship. These statements were suppressed for the same reason for which the paper suppressed statements of the kindness of the Spanish surgeons to the wounded sailors of the *Maine*. Such conduct is worthy of only the severest treatment. There ought to be a law for the punishment, and even the suppression, of a newspaper that will incite to war.

PRIMARY REFORM.

THE whole country is interested in the movement which has begun in New York for reforming the primary election law. It is true that the motive which actuates the Republican politicians in this State is not of the highest, and is not that which governs those who are simply desirous that our whole electoral machinery shall come as near as possible to guaranteeing purity of elections. The reason for the reform movement here is Mr. PLATT'S desire to bring back to the machine the honest elements of his party who have been driven away by his bad management and by the corruption of his followers and his methods. The Republicans who are hostile to Mr. PLATT, but who wish to save the organization by weakening him and strengthening themselves, have demanded such reform of the primary as will make effective the votes cast against the machine. They believe that good men now stay away from the primaries because they know that, whatever vote they may cast, the machine will win—the henchmen of the "boss," in other words, will count in their own people even if there be an adverse majority. This Mr. ROOT and his friends think may be changed by providing for a new enrolment, which may be made on registering, and under which, we suppose, all those who declare themselves to be Republicans or Democrats shall be considered as having the right to vote at the primaries of their respective parties, the primaries themselves being presided over by the regularly chosen election officers. These are officers of the state, and therefore the proposed primaries will be official; but it is suggested that the election officers who will preside over each party's primaries shall be the election officers appointed to represent that particular party, and to that extent the primary will continue to be partisan. This, as we understand it, is substantially the plan discussed by the representatives of PLATT'S machine, and by the various persons who represent the Republicans who are dissatisfied with PLATT rule and PLATT methods, although we understand that there is a radical difference as to methods of enrolment. Of course the law applying to both parties will be of as great advantage, or disadvantage, as the case may be, to the Tammany machine as to the PLATT machine.

The step proposed is in the right direction, but it is a very short step, and while short steps towards reform are necessary in a democracy like our own, it is well, now that the beginning of primary reform is under discussion by the practical politicians, for reformers to determine and to work for the end which ought to be eventually reached. Stated broadly, that end is the absolute control by the state of the whole machinery of elections. At present private citizens, generally those who are pecuniarily and selfishly interested in the emoluments of politics, select the candidates to be voted for. This is practically a limitation upon the power of choice which the citizens are supposed to exercise. Except where there is an independent revolt, like that which made Mr. LOW the candidate for Mayor of this city last fall, the choice is limited between candidates selected by two machines, whose bosses and leaders are not in politics for the purpose of transacting the public business honestly and efficiently, but for the purpose of making money for themselves. The state is interested in making the choice of candidates for its offices as free as possible; the machine is interested in narrowing it, really in depriving citizens of all choice whatever, leaving the selection of candidates to the boss alone. This is the evil to be remedied by primary reform.

Everything, of course, depends upon the good citizen. If he will not go to primaries, or will not interest himself in securing proper nominations, the law cannot help him. The present evils are largely due to the fact that good citizens have permitted bad citizens and their natural leaders to obtain control of the political parties. All that the law can do is to provide for the most liberal methods of making nominations, and to guarantee

orderly primaries and a fair count. That being done, it rests with the good citizen to avail himself of the provisions of the law and to attend to all his political duties.

The ultimate end to be reached in primary reform is the making of the machinery of nominations official. Nominations must be made at primary meetings or on the petition of individual citizens, and the law should permit the greatest freedom in making nominations that are not partisan. It should encourage bolting from the regular party nominations by providing machinery for an immediate and effective protest against bad nominations made at a primary. At the basis of all nominating machinery, at least for some time to come, must be the party primary, because partisanship is at present an ingrained habit of the American voter; and whatever we may think of ingrained habits, they must be recognized and reckoned with in dealing practically with a principle or an institution that they effect. Nominations should be made at the primary of the party and not at a convention. When the state assumes the task of controlling nominations, the machinery of nominations must become as simple as possible, and to that end the convention should be eliminated. Moreover, it would be impossible for the state to control a convention as it may control a primary, and if the primary was held for the purpose of choosing delegates instead of making nominations, it would be extremely difficult to regulate it also, while the chances of managing it by combinations of bad men would be greatly increased. If the primary is to be controlled by the state, it must be made wholly non-partisan. Here we come in contact with a very defective provision in the proposed measure, which seems to have been agreed upon by the Republican factions. The measure appears to treat a primary as wholly a party concern. It is wholly a party affair at present, and it is because it is so that it has become such an evil thing. No reform is possible unless the primary is made a state affair, and being a state affair, party politics must not be recognized in its management. If it is proper for both parties, or all parties, and for independent citizens to be represented on the board of election officers, it is also proper that all parties should be represented on every board of primary officers. We do not think that election boards are properly constituted, but representation of the various parties is for the purpose of securing a fair count and a proper observance of the law, and these objects are quite as sacred in a primary as at an election. It ought to be possible to provide a body of men whose interests are wholly removed from partisan politics, and whose duty shall be to preside both at primaries and elections,—both at the nomination of candidates and at the choice of officers. We are well aware that this suggestion will be regarded as undemocratic by all the machine politicians and by some of their opponents; but we are convinced, nevertheless, that the democratic policy should seek the absolutely free exercise of the citizen's choice in nominating candidates, and in electing between them when they are nominated; and to gain this end it seems to us absolutely essential that the machinery of making nominations and of electing officers should be in non-partisan and impersonal hands—that is, that the men who receive the votes, administer the law, and count the ballots should be absolutely free from preferences based upon their individual interests. They should know that their official careers and their personal fortunes depended on nothing but the proper and thorough discharge of their duties.

This, it seems to us, should be the basic principle of primary reform. Nominations ought to be made for each party by the untrammelled expression of the choice of its members, and for those who are outside of parties, or who, being inside, are dissatisfied with the choice of the majority, there should be abundant and liberal provision for independent and bolting nominations. It is true that the machine will still have an opportunity even when nominations are made at primaries officially and fairly conducted. Its operation will begin a step back, and its candidates will be selected for the primaries as they are now for the elections. But at present the citizen who does not belong to a machine has no opportunity to express any effective opinion as to who should be candidates of his party, and the man who does belong to a machine is merely the servant of the boss. Under such a system as we suggest, this at least would be changed. The machine could only cast its own vote at the primary, and it is only that vote that would be counted, while good citizens could also unite upon candidates, and their votes would be counted also. As we have already said, real reform, after all, depends upon the willingness of the good citizen to do his duty in politics. If he will not do his duty he must submit to the kind of government of which he now complains; but whether he is willing to perform his duty or not, it is the duty of the state to take charge, under machinery that shall be wholly non-partisan, of every act that makes for the selection of its officers, while it is incompatible with the dignity of the state to neglect that duty, and to leave to private citizens, and to public machines, and to bosses like CROKER and PLATT and QUAY and HANNA, the control of the very sources of its political power.

ABOUT WAR.

BY CARL SCHURZ.

LET us imagine the first news of the destruction of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana had been accompanied by clear proof that the catastrophe was caused by a torpedo or a mine—what would have been the duty of our government? Would it have been to rush forthwith into a war with Spain upon the assumption that Spanish officials and, with them, the Spanish government were responsible for the calamity? Or would it not rather have been to inquire whether Spanish officials were really responsible, and, if they were found to be, whether the Spanish government were willing or not to make due atonement for the acts of its agents? What man of good sense and of sound moral instincts would wish that war be resorted to while an honorable adjustment seems attainable? And yet a resort to war is on every possible occasion spoken of, not only by the miscreants with whom the stirring up of a war excitement is a mere business speculation, but even by otherwise rational and respectable persons, with a flippancy as if war were nothing more serious than an international yacht-race or a football-match.

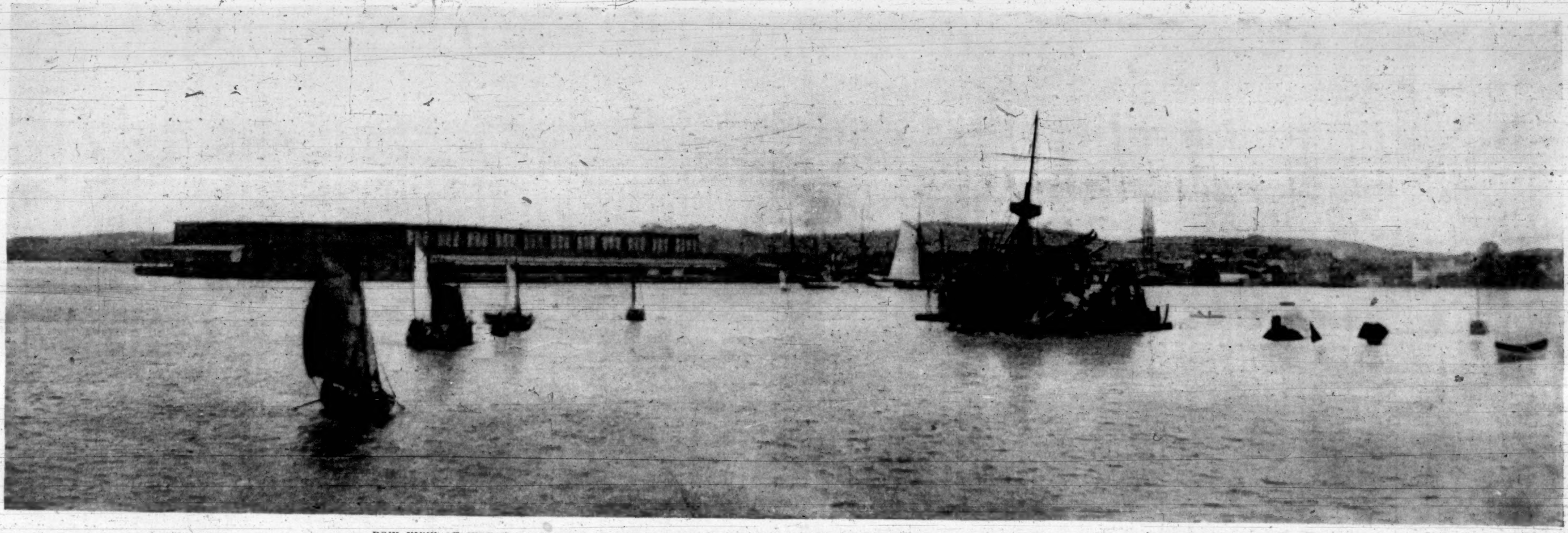
That war has in the history of mankind sometimes served good purposes in forming nations, in repressing barbarism, in enforcing justice, in removing obstructions to the spread of civilization, will hardly be denied by anybody. How much of such work is still to be done, and how far the instrumentality of war may still be required to that end, it is needless to discuss here. In any event, it will be admitted that whatever object is to be accomplished, war is to be regarded as the last expedient to be resorted to, and not the first. What does civilization mean if not the progress from the arbitrament of brute force to the arbitrament of reason and the maintenance of justice by peaceable methods in the righting of wrongs, and in the settlement of conflicting opinions or interests? If it were proposed to abolish our courts, and to remand the decision of difficulties between man and man to trial by single combat, or by street fight between armed bands enlisted by the contending parties, it would be called a relapse into barbarism too absurd as well as too dreadful to be thought of. We denounce the application of lynch law as a practice utterly repugnant to the fundamental principles of civilized life, and as a blot upon the character of a civilized people. What a strange anachronism it is that while we abhor the arbitrary resort to brute force in private life as a crime against human society, the same arbitrary resort to brute force in deciding differences between nation and nation, although infinitely more horrible in its effects, has still remained the custom of the civilized world, and is surrounded with a halo of heroic romance! It may, indeed, be said that it is far more difficult to find and institute practical methods for the peaceable adjustment of some kinds of disputes between nations than between individuals, so that occasionally war remains the only expedient. This is true, just as it is true that occasionally the social order may become so disturbed that the individual man has no refuge for the protection of his rights except in self-help outside of the rule of law. But in each case this should be regarded only as the very last extremity when everything else fails.

General SHERMAN once said: "You would know what war is? War is hell." He knew what he was speaking of, and he meant it. Was it an exaggeration? When the news of the destruction of the *Maine* arrived we threw up our hands in horror. Two hundred and fifty men killed by the explosion! What a frightful calamity! Thus we feel, and thus we speak, in a state of peace. How in time of war? Two hundred and fifty men killed? Only a skirmish, a slight brush with the enemy. Nothing of importance. A pitched battle comes. Five thousand killed and fifteen thousand wounded on our side; the loss of the enemy believed to be greater. A hard fight, but, perhaps, not decisive. Then more battles; more thousands of killed, more tens of thousands of wounded; the hospitals crowded with countless multitudes of sick. Naval fights also; of those mysterious monsters called battle-ships some go to the bottom of the sea, some of our own as well as some of the enemy's. How many men perish with them? Two hundred and fifty? A mere trifle. It must be many times two hundred and fifty to make a sensation. What is then our first thought? The gaps must be filled, and more of our young men are sent to the front and upon the ships. And the crowds of parents made childless, and of widows and orphans! "Well, very sad, but war is war. Let us take care of them the best way we can to keep them from starving." But more than this. Wherever the armies operate, devastation, ravage, and ruin; wherever the war-ships sail, destruction of commerce and mutual havoc—the fruit of years of patient industry and exertion ruthlessly wiped out; and those agencies of intercourse and mutual advancement by which modern civilization has made the nations of the world dependent upon one another disastrously interrupted, and loss, desolation, and misery spread broadcast. Was General SHERMAN wrong when he said that "war is hell"?

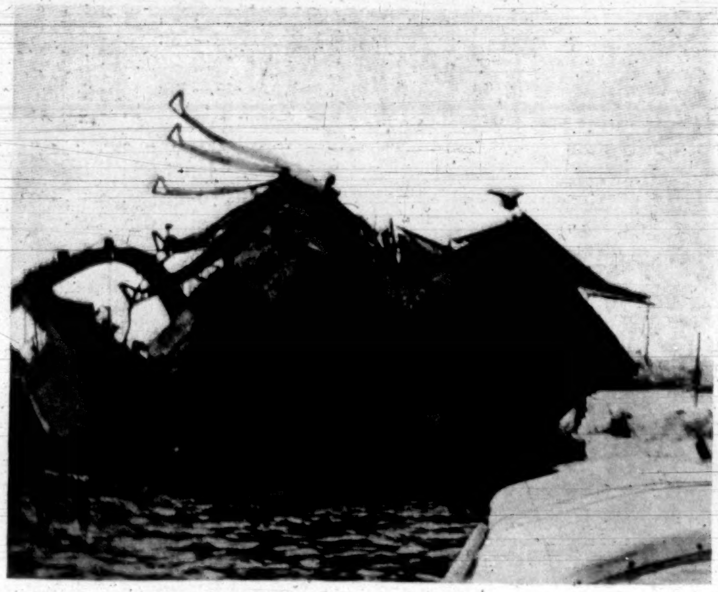
But we are told that a nation needs a war from time to time to prevent it from becoming effeminate, to shake it up from demoralizing materialism, and to elevate the popular heart by awakening heroic emotions and the spirit of patriotic self-sacrifice. This has a captivating sound. But is there not something intensely ludicrous in the idea that the American people, while the rugged work of subduing this vast continent to civilization is yet unfinished, need wars to save them from effeminacy? Were we more effeminate before our civil war than we have been since? As to the demoralizing materialism, was the pursuit of money, the greed of material possession and enjoyment, less prevalent after the civil war than before it? Did not the war itself stimulate that "materialism" to a degree not known among us before? As to heroic emotions and the spirit of patriotic self-sacrifice, it is true that war is apt to call forth splendid manifestations of them. But does war *create* those noble impulses? Could it bring out the manifestations of them if they did not, although unmanifested, already exist? And is, after all, the readiness to die for one's country the sum of all bravery? Is there no call for heroic emotions and patriotic self-sacrifice in a state of peace? Is not a patient and faithful struggle for the truth against the fanaticism of prejudice, and for justice against arrogant power, as brave a feat as the storming of a battery? And is not that civic virtue more rare than the physical courage of the soldier, and, on the whole, more needful to the republic? On the other hand, while war calls forth demonstrations of heroic spirit, does it not also stimulate the baser passions of a larger number? Have we ever heard of a war which, whatever great objects it may otherwise have served, improved private or public morals or stimulated the cultivation of those quiet and unostentatious civic virtues which are most needful to the vitality of free government?

But we are told that there are things worse than war. No doubt. Loss of honor and self-respect, for instance. Surely we should not tamely accept a deliberate insult; but neither should we by offensive bluster provoke one. We should preserve our self-respect, but also respect the self-respect of others. We should not submit to manifest wrong, but we must not forget that others too have rights; and we must not see a wrong irremediable, except by war, in every difference of opinion or clash of interest. Whenever the question of redress or remedy is to be settled, we should not forget that "war is hell," and that a war honorably averted is a nobler achievement than a battle won.

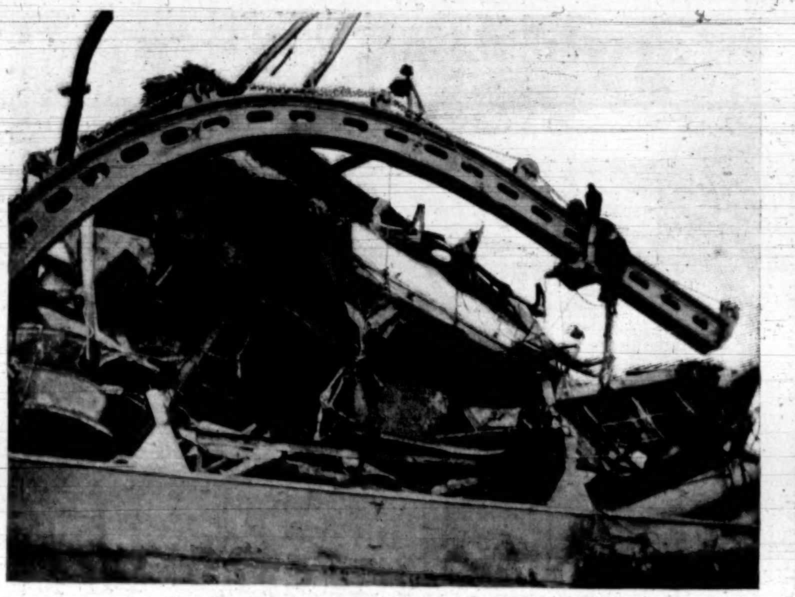
But will not this horror of war at last make cringing cowards of us all? No danger of that. Whatever our love of peace, when the republic needs defenders, hundreds of thousands of her sons will eagerly rush to arms, and the people will pour forth their wealth without stint, no matter if "war is hell." Of this there will never be doubt. No peace feeling can emasculate our patriotism. The danger lies in the opposite direction. It is that the popular mind may too easily forget that war is justifiable only when all the resources of statesmanship to avert it have been exhausted, and when the true value of the object to be accomplished through it outweighs the blood and loss of wealth and human misery and demoralization it will cost. This being the temper of a high-spirited people, so much more do the fiends who seek to drive the nation into unnecessary war by false reports or by unscrupulous appeals to prejudice and passion deserve to be execrated by all good men, and so much more gratitude is due to those in power who, firmly resisting the screams of a reckless demagogy, know no higher duty than to spare the people the scourge of war so long as the blessing of peace can honorably be preserved.



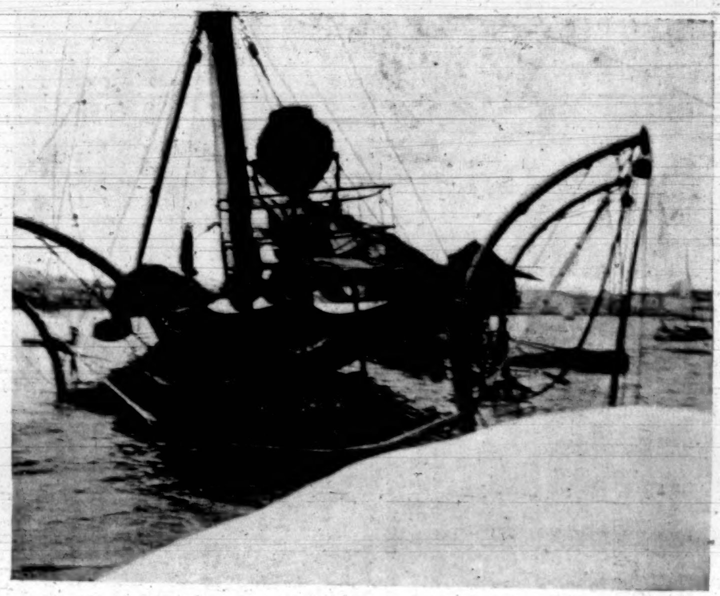
BOW VIEW OF WRECK AS IT LIES IN THE HARBOR OF HAVANA—TAKEN FROM THE DECK OF UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "FERN."



VIEW LOOKING FORWARD FROM STARBOARD QUARTER.



VIEW OF WRECKAGE FROM PORT SIDE, SHOWING FORWARD 6-INCH GUN-TRACKS.



STERN VIEW, SHOWING AFTER SEARCH-LIGHT STILL INTACT.

1. United States Light-house Tender "Mangrove." 2. Captain Sigsbee, on Quarter-deck of "Fern." 3. Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, on Quarter-deck of "Fern." 4. Naval Cadet Amon Bronson, Jr. 5. Chaplain Chidwick. 6. View of Wreck from under Port Beam, looking aft. 7. View from Starboard Side, showing under Side of Superstructure Deck driven upward and rolled back by Force of the Explosion. 8. "Maine" in Havana Harbor before the Explosion, Spanish Flag-Ship "Alfonso XII." in Background. 9. Wreck from Port Beam. 10. Bow View. 11. Bow View, showing Three large Plates driven off to Port by Explosion. 12. View from Port Quarter, showing "Fern" and Patrol Boats.

DESTRUCTION OF UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE" IN HAVANA HARBOR.—From Photographs taken especially for "Harper's Weekly" by George Bronson Rea.—[See Page 222.]

THE "MAINE" DISASTER.

WASHINGTON, *February*, 26.

THE mystery of the *Maine* disaster is still unsolved, and the authorities at Washington are as much in the dark about it as the public. Divers have been at work all the week inside of the ship, and have recovered a number of bodies, and fragments of bodies, of the crew. Nothing has yet been seen of the bodies of Lieutenant Jenkins and Assistant-Engineer Merritt, the two officers who were lost.

Congress having appropriated $200,000 to have the hulk of the *Maine* raised, and to pay for saving as much as possible of her contents, the Navy Department has contracted with the Merritt and Chapman wrecking companies of New York and the Boston Tow-boat Company, agreeing to pay $871 a day for the use of their regular plant, and $500 a day for the use of the giant floating derrick *Monarch*, when actually employed. If the wreckers succeed in raising the *Maine* and towing her to New York, they are to receive a bonus of $100,000 additional. The *Monarch* is the largest floating derrick in the world, with a lifting capacity of 260 tons. The use of this apparatus solves the difficulty of getting the *Maine's* great guns out, as they

ASSISTANT-ENGINEER DARWIN R. MERRITT, U.S.N.
Killed in the Explosion on the "Maine."

were so locked into their turrets as to make their extrication impracticable, and the turrets themselves could not be taken to pieces, since the bolts holding the parts together were countersunk, and left no heads exposed to saw away, and each turret and guns weigh together about 166 tons. The iron barge *Lone Star* will be used to receive the turrets and guns and other heavy material as fast as they are raised, and as fast as she gets a full cargo she will be towed to Norfolk Navy-Yard.

Theories as to the cause of the explosion have been offered in abundance, but chiefly by newspaper writers. Professional experts have been non-committal, except in regard to certain things which they believed to have been wholly disproved, and hence to be eliminated from the calculation; and even in dealing with this phase of the subject they have carefully noted that all theories must be founded on guess-work, till certain elementary facts should be reported by the board of inquiry as proved. The theory of a boiler explosion was discredited early in the week by the discovery that the only boilers in use were some distance aft of the site of the explosion. The theory of spontaneous combustion in the coal-bunkers received a little encouragement from a despatch received from Captain Sigsbee calling for a transverse sectional drawing of the interior plan of the *Maine*, showing the pocket coal-bunkers and their relation to the magazines. These pocket bunkers, serving so good a purpose as a protection to the magazines, are rarely emptied, and it was inferred from Captain Sigsbee's despatch that the board might be looking into the question whether heat enough could have been generated by spontaneous combustion in the coal to explode the powder on the other side of the partition, some of which at least is proof against anything lower than 600 degrees, and for a continued for a little time.

The idea which prevailed at first that the wreck was caused by impact with a submarine mine or torpedo has been steadily discountenanced by some of the leading experts in the ordnance bureau of the Navy Department. In the first place, they have refused to believe that so terrible a ruin as is shown by the photographs of the exposed part of the hull and described in the official accounts could have been wrought by any of the torpedoes or mines known to naval science, which contain at the outside 200 or 300 pounds of gun-cotton. The effect of the explosion of such an instrument against the side of the ship would, according to all precedents, be merely to blow a hole through which the water would rush in and sink her; it would not set her afire. Without setting her afire, it is hard to understand how it would have been possible for a mine or torpedo to have caused the explosion of a magazine, and without the explosion of a magazine containing at least several thousand pounds of explosives it appears to be impossible to destroy entirely the forward end of the ship, as in this case. Hence the notion is still cherished that the evidence will show that from some internal cause the port compartment of the forward magazine, which is liable to have contained from 10,000 to 15,000 pounds of powder, was exploded.

Conjectures of this sort are all that even the Secretary of the Navy has had to satisfy his anxiety thus far. The highest praise is everywhere accorded Secretary Long for the candor with which he has treated the public throughout this trying season, being always personally accessible, and causing the official despatches to be prominently displayed as bulletins as fast as they have come in.

The administration, while making every effort to quiet popular apprehension on the one side, is, on the other, taking such measures as will put it into instant touch with every branch of the land and naval armed forces, so as to be able to issue orders at a few hours' notice if necessary which in ordinary seasons would require days, or even weeks. Congress meanwhile has borne itself in the main with sobriety. Harmless resolutions introduced in the Senate by men like Allen of Nebraska and Morgan of Alabama are quietly adopted without debate, and the speech-making of Mr. Mason and his sort is cut short as promptly as possible. In the House the supremacy of the Speaker and his committee on rules has thus far suppressed any untoward demonstrations.

An authorized interview with the Spanish Chargé d'Affaires is published, asserting of his own knowledge that no submarine mines are in Havana Harbor. This corroborates an opinion consistently maintained by the most experienced officers in the Naval Ordnance Bureau, who say that to place explosives of this sort within a commercial harbor in time of peace would be contrary to all custom.

In case of war submarine defences are planted at the mouths of harbors threatened with invasion by an enemy's fighting-vessels, but the interior of the harbors themselves are unencumbered with them even then. The peril to innocent merchant shipping from having mines planted in a harbor in time of peace is obvious; but even aside from that, the defences themselves are liable to be rendered useless by the accidental cutting of the cables which connect them with the operating point on shore. The mapping of floor of a harbor and its entrance, so as to enable quick work to be done when necessary, is as far as it is customary to proceed in this direction till actual hostilities are imminent.

The pushing of work at the yards and docks and ordnance factories has led many persons to suppose that the administration expects war, and is preparing for its outbreak. This is an error. The President and his cabinet have no expectation of war, but as a measure of ordinary prudence pains have been taken to prepare the country for any emergency which might be forced upon it without due warning and against its will. F. E. LEUPP.

THE NIGHT OF THE EXPLOSION IN HAVANA.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

THE city of Havana presented an animated and joyful appearance during the first hours of the night of February 15. The carnival season had only opened the day before, and the streets were rapidly filling with the happy and grotesque masqueraders. Out in the bay lay the men-of-war and merchant vessels, whose forms were barely distinguishable through the darkness. The night was dark, and the few stars were frequently shadowed by the thick clouds wafted out to sea by the light land-breeze.

On board the war-ships the buglers had sounded "taps" and the boatswains' mates had shrilly "piped down" for the night. The only life visible was the forms of the officers and sentries on watch, mechanically pacing to and fro in their respective stations.

In company with Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Scovel, the writer was seated in one of the numerous cafés located near the park. Suddenly the sound of a terrible explosion shook the city; windows were broken, and doors were shaken from their bolts. The sky towards the bay was lit up with an intense light, and above it all could be seen innumerable colored lights resembling rockets.

Hastily providing for the safety of his wife, Scovel and I jumped into a coach, and ordered the reluctant driver to drive for his life in the direction of the noise. The populace were evidently frightened, probably believing that the explosion was but the forerunner of another riot, and very few essayed to leave their doors and venture into the street. As we approached the docks the excitement increased, and at last, reaching the custom-house gate, we found an excited crowd trying to force its way through, despite the energetic remonstrance and resistance of the guards.

Elbowing and pushing through, we informed the guards we were two officers from the *Maine*; for by this time we understood from the remarks that something terrible had occurred on board. The gates were quickly opened, and closed immediately. Rushing through the baggage-inspection room and out on the open wharf, our worst fears were realized—the *Maine* was a wreck and burning brightly. Jumping into a boat with the chief of police, Colonel Paglieri, we were soon out in the harbor. Our progress was often retarded by huge masses of floating wreckage, and as we approached closer, the rapid-fire and small-arm ammunition began to explode and whiz through the air over our heads. Our boatmen were paralyzed with fear, and wished to turn back. The Colonel beat one of them with his cane, I whacked the other with a rope's end, until they concluded to proceed.

The scene as it unfolded itself to our vision was terrible in its significance. Great masses of twisted and bent iron plates and beams were thrown up in confusion amidships; the bow had disappeared; the foremast and smoke-stacks had fallen; and to add to the horror and danger, the mass of wreckage amidships was on fire, and at frequent intervals a loud report, followed by the whistling sound of fragments flying through the air, marked the explosion of a 6-pound shell.

The greatest danger for a time seemed to lie in another magazine explosion; but, despite this circumstance, we could see the boats of the Spanish cruiser and of the *City of Washington* darting in and out of the wreckage, bravely rescuing some poor fellow crying for help. We pulled close to the wreck, in the hope of being of some assistance. We arrived there fifteen minutes after the crash, the first to reach her from the shore, but in that short time everybody who survived had already been saved. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the crews and officers of the two steamers mentioned, who were on the spot immediately after the catastrophe, and their vessels did not draw away for more than three-quarters of an hour after, or when it was deemed absolutely necessary to protect themselves from the danger of being struck by fragments of the shells and fixed ammunition which were constantly exploding.

We finally comprehended the full extent of the calamity. My strong companion gulped down a sob as he exclaimed: "Great God, old man, they are all gone! This is the work of a torpedo, and marks the beginning of the end." The stern old Spanish Colonel muttered, "*Ave Maria!* how horrible!" and, with another oath, made a pass at the boatmen with his cane, to urge them forward to where we could now discern the forms of Captain Sigsbee and his officers—many of them half-dressed—standing in their boats sadly viewing the remnants of their once proud cruiser. Here we were hastily informed of what had occurred. At this time it was impossible to estimate the loss of life, and many were supposed to have been saved by swimming to other vessels. We followed Captain Sigsbee to the gangway of the *Washington*, and there the chief of police offered his services and expressed his sympathy to the Captain. Once on board I hastened below, and found eight wounded men being tenderly cared for by Surgeon Heneberger, who was attired in his pajamas. His faithful assistant was Father Chidwick, who has performed a hero's work since that terrible night.

I soon found that there were about thirty-seven survivors on board the *Washington*. All the officers except four were there, and were cared for by the passengers and officers of the steamer.

Only four marines and their captain were accounted for at first. These were the remnants of the full guard of forty-one men.

I received about forty cablegrams from the officers and crew to be forwarded to their families, and as I was about to leave I stepped in to interview Captain Sigsbee, who, in answer to my question, politely handed me his despatches to the Secretary of the Navy and the Admiral at Key West, and at the same time requesting me to see that they were put on the wire immediately.

While conversing with him a large deputation of prominent Spanish officials, headed by Secretary-General Congosto, arrived on board to express their sympathy, and to offer all the aid in their power. Their attentions were kindly received and answered by Captain Sigsbee, and when they left the ship I accompanied them ashore, and I must say that I only heard the most profound expressions of sympathy and sorrow. When Dr. Congosto learned that I was the bearer of the official and private telegrams of the Captain and officers, he sent orders to the cable-office that all telegrams I might present for transmission should be given the right of way, and that all expenses would be paid by the Spanish government. This was indeed a delicate compliment to the noble officers who had been left destitute as a result of the explosion, and deserves at least our appreciation.

After a protracted tour of all the hospitals during the early hours of Wednesday morning, making up a list of the saved and wounded, I once more returned to the *Washington*, and later in the day had the satisfaction of seeing many of the poor fellows and their officers sent back to their native land on board the steamship *Olivette*.

GEORGE BRONSON REA.

THE SITUATION AT KEY WEST.

WHEN the gravity of the calamity which was reported in the daily press of February 16 was fully understood, HARPER'S WEEKLY at once despatched a special correspondent to Havana.

The following communication was mailed by him from Key West on his way to Cuba. The next number will contain the first of his articles from the scene of the disaster.

KEY WEST, FLORIDA, *February* 22, 1898.

The *New York*, with Admiral Sicard on board, and the *Iowa*, are anchored some seven miles to the west of this port. The torpedo-boats *Cushing* and *Ericsson* are moored to the Navy Dock, and with them is the tug *Right Arm*, of the Merritt-Chapman Wrecking Company, which has come down from Norfolk, and proceeds to-night for Havana.

Secretary Long's order to all officers of the United States navy forbidding them to discuss in any manner whatsoever with any person the recent disaster to the *Maine* is being strictly obeyed. No great significance is attached to this order here; it is considered a conservative and precautionary measure, following the policy adopted in regard to the doings of the court of inquiry. This court organized on February 21, and the sittings are in private; the greatest care is taken that none of the testimony reaches the public. The court is held on board the *Mangrove*, which is anchored on one side of the wreck of the *Maine*, while the *Bache* is on the other, all being surrounded by a patrol to keep away the intruder.

Latest advices from Havana are to the effect that the divers working under direction of the court have not as yet discovered anything of importance bearing on the great issue. The wreck is settling every day deeper into the soft mud of Havana Harbor; this mud may have to be removed by means of suction, and the *Right Arm* is supplied with pumps for this purpose, which would be available in case none were to be had on the navy lighters.

It is not expected that the court of inquiry will remain long in Havana; it has gone promptly to work, beginning in Havana, instead of at Key West as was first reported, and it is not probable, now that it has all needed facilities to proceed with the work, that it will be subjected to any delay.

The wounded sailors of the *Maine* who are now in Key West are reported as all doing well. But they will talk, and to them are traceable many of the wild rumors that have recently emanated from this port. They are more inclined to say to the breathless correspondent what they believe he would like to hear than to confine themselves to the facts.

Rumors and denials fly thick and fast through this excited town. Conspiracy and intrigue are in the air, and the place is filled with correspondents, each wrapping his movements in mystery, and locking his "news"—being the last wild rumor—securely in his own mind. The Cuban Club is the scene of much excited debating, and the doings of the insurgents have been lost sight of in the excited interest of the last week.

The latest reports from the field are to the effect that the Cubans still refuse to accept autonomy. General Gomez reports his forces in good condition, and well supplied with ammunition, food, and arms.

HAROLD MARTIN.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Miss Frances E. Willard, whose death was noted in the Weekly last week, had a good title to be considered the most famous woman in America. She was in her sixtieth year. By birth, descent, education, and residence she was curiously representative. Her earliest American ancestor was Simon Willard, of Horsmonden, Kent, England, who came to Boston in 1634 and founded the town of Concord, in Massachusetts, and numbered among his descendants the Rev. Samuel Willard, pastor of the Old South Church and president of Harvard College. Thus of New England Puritan descent, Frances Willard was born in 1839, in Monroe County, New York, a region prolific of leaders and reformers, and went for her education to the Northwestern Female College at Evanston, Illinois, where she was graduated in 1859. Evanston, more than any other place, became her home. In 1862 she became a professor in the college there, and after serving a year (1866–7) as principal of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary in western New York, and spending two years in travel abroad, she returned to the Northwestern University in 1871 as professor and dean of the woman's college. She gave up these places in 1874 to become corresponding secretary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which, five years later, she became the president. The society grew out of the temperance crusade that was started in Ohio in 1873 by praying bands of women. It was founded in Cleveland in 1874, and is now organized all over the United States, has a following in this country of some 300,000, and is believed to be the largest society ever founded and controlled exclusively by women. The World's Christian Temperance Union, founded in 1883, has extended the organization abroad, and is understood to be strong in Great Britain and Canada.

Various opinions obtain as to the usefulness of the Christian temperance unions. Many saloon-keepers, some college presidents, many school-teachers and officers of government, and a very considerable number of average citizens think them somewhat over-meddlesome, and have doubts whether the results of their activities are really as beneficial to the world and to humanity as the zeal and activity of their members would seem to imply. But of course doubts like these are to be expected. The world is full of old fogies, and when any kind of reform comes along and wants to stand them on their heads, the inconveniences of that position are apt to impress them with greater force than the possible benefit to others of the resulting spectacle. But prejudices in favor of the world as it is have never deterred the W. C. T. U., and probably never will. Miss Willard was an ideal president for the organization, for with zeal and fearlessness and extraordinary executive ability she combined sweetness of temper and some discretion. She was a woman of peace, who never seemed to fight for the sake of fighting, and was ready always to turn away wrath with a soft answer. Yet she was steadfast of purpose and resolute to the last gun. A remarkable leader was Frances Willard, beloved by her supporters, and admired and very greatly respected even by her critics.

The *Publishers' Weekly* reports that Mark Twain has found it possible, much earlier than was expected, to finish paying the debts of the late publishing firm of C. L. Webster & Co. The information, though welcome, seems not to be quite conclusive, though it is based on the fact that the balance of a claim of the *Publishers' Weekly* against Webster & Co. was paid on February 7 by Mr. Clemens's legal representative.

Dr. Nansen, in spite of himself, talks a little now and then about his American experiences. A recent London despatch quotes him as grieving over "the inventions of the American reporters," and as divulging some dissatisfaction with American audiences. He says he feels at home in England, "but there [in America], in spite of the crowds, I felt a lack of sympathy with my scientific achievements. In many cases the people only wanted to stare, and they would have been equally pleased if I had got up and sung a comic song."

These sound like real sentiments, and are not surprising. In England there is undoubtedly more interest to the square mile in arctic exploration than in the United States, and it is undoubtedly true that curiosity was at the bottom of a large share of the attention that was paid to Dr. Nansen in this country. But that that would be so was, as the *Evening Post* would say, something that any educated man could have predicted. Dr. Nansen may console himself, however, with the knowledge that whatever the motive that drew his audiences in America, the spectators were well satisfied with his show. If they went to stare at him, they found him well worth looking at. It is not recorded that any one who went to see him denied that he was a fine figure of a man, or wanted his money back after the performance.

The report that the Springfield *Republican* has just given an order for a quadruple Hoe press is accepted by an appreciative contemporary of that worthy journal as "evidence of both prosperity and progress, gratifying and well deserved."

Let us hope so; and yet, when a newspaper buys a new quadruple Hoe press it does not always betoken superabundant prosperity. Sometimes it merely means that another newspaper has succumbed to the inevitable, and has sorrowfully determined to give the greedy public more print and paper than it is willing to pay for. The quadruple Hoe press is a wonderful and beautiful machine, but it has not been a source of unmixed joy or of immediate emolument to all newspaper proprietors. It has caused some terrible improvements. It has put out of fashion every newspaper press that could not print and paste and fold eight, ten, or twelve page newspapers at the rate of about 50,000 copies an hour. Every considerable first-class newspaper has had, sooner or later, to sell its old press and buy a quadruple Hoe press or its equivalent, and, having bought it, to live up to it. The result has been, in a great many cases, that it has been found impossible to feed the Hoe press and the stockholders of the newspaper during the same period of time, and that the Hoe press has been fed and the stockholders haven't. How far the wonderful quadruple, do-everything Hoe press is responsible for the demoralizing competition among American newspapers, with all its incidents and inconveniences, is matter for consideration and appraisal. Let us trust, however, that the Springfield *Republican* may swallow its new press without inconvenience, and digest it, and grow fat on it.

Mr. Amos R. Eno died in New York on February 21, full of years, very rich, and very much honored and respected. He was born in Simsbury, Connecticut, as long ago as 1810, of good and rather distinguished New England stock, got the elements of education at the village school, left home at an early age to seek his fortune, and began the quest in a dry-goods store in Hartford. Before long, in 1833, he moved to New York and started in the wholesale dry-goods business, wherein he prospered. He established the firm of Eno & Phelps, and when it was dissolved in 1850 there was half a million dollars, or thereabouts, to Mr. Eno's credit. With this start, being forty years old, he began to exercise his judgment in the purchase of New York real estate. In 1854 he bought the block of land in Madison Square on which Barnum's hippodrome had stood, and built the Fifth Avenue Hotel, thereby greatly astonishing his contemporaries, who believed he had made a mistake. It is related that before the hotel was finished Mr. Eno himself found the weight of it oppressive, and was willing to part with it, but that a purchaser who coveted the property was frightened out of buying by the size of the plumbing bill for the new hotel. Anyhow, Mr. Eno held on, and in the end made immense profits, which he put into more real estate, which in turn increased enormously in value, so that the story of his life would have been a record of monotonous success if it had not been for the great misfortune that befell him in 1884.

That incident every one remembers. Mr. Eno had made his son John president of the Second National Bank. The son took the bank's money, gambled with it in Wall Street, and lost about three million dollars. The story of the discovery of the defalcation is very dramatic. Mr. Eno at once resolved to replace the stolen funds and save the bank. He sat with the directors while the investigation was being made, but it was many hours before it could be determined how great the losses were. It has been related that the reports of funds missing and debts incurred continued to accumulate until it began to be doubtful whether Mr. Eno's resources would stand the strain. It is said, indeed, that even his own courage began to waver in the uncertainty of the situation, but that then some of his fellow-directors held up his hands and sustained him with their assurances of aid. At all events, the situation was met. All the losses were made good, and Mr. Eno had enough left to go on and make another fortune.

That was a great occurrence in the commercial history of New York, and the story of it will bear much retelling.

The vigor of Mr. Eno's mind is said to have been remarkable, and it is told that in the later years of his life he turned student, learned Latin, French, and Italian, and beguiled his leisure by reading Dante, Cæsar, and Victor Hugo. He had a country place at Simsbury, Connecticut, his native town, and maintained always a very lively interest in that village, where his forefathers had lived for two hundred and fifty years.

The penny-paper habit, which has increased so enormously during the past fortnight, is, after all, only a habit, and a little resolution is all that is needed to restrain it. At no time since the second day after the *Maine* blew up has there been more real news in any one day than enough to make two fair bites. There has usually been one fair bite in the morning and another at night, though often there has not been more than the merest nibble at either time. But the penny papers have kept sputtering out at hourly or quarter-hourly intervals, and have printed news enough every day to fill a book. The most active of them all has been in a state of continuous eruption, and has achieved a miracle of distribution out of meager resources which fairly recalls the basketfuls which were gathered up after the multitude had been fed on five loaves and two fishes. It cannot be said, though, of the more prevalent penny papers that they have been filling at the price. Comparison between the news that they have printed and the news which subsequently turned out to have some basis has led a good many eager readers to Josh Billings's conclusion that it is better to know less than to know so much that is not so.

It is pleasant to be assured by a circular and a collection of handbills which have been kindly furnished to the Weekly that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union has taken up the fight against root beer, and intends to track that enemy of mankind to its lair and smoke it out. The State committee furnishes convincing attestations of the presence of true alcohol in root beer, and proclaims that this fluid, when introduced into the person, produces alcoholic sensations, among others the "craving for itself," which is specified as a true alcoholic property. Readers of the Weekly may not have noticed that root beer has this peculiarity, but they may be able to detect it if they continue to experiment. The same thing, however, has been observed of many other beverages. Drink some tea, and after a while you will find that you want more tea. So with water: after an interval you will want more water. Cases have been known where individuals have drunk one bottle of root beer and had no recurrence of that particular form of thirst until the following spring, but such cases are doubtless the exceptions which prove the rule.

At the meeting on January 27, at Cambridge, for the organization of the Athletic Association of Harvard Graduates, Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt made a speech, extolling athletics, in which he said (as reported in the Boston *Transcript*):

> "The Harvard undergraduate who makes the touch-down is great; still greater is the Harvard undergraduate who captains the victorious team or crew, or who does his best. He is honored by every Harvard graduate throughout the country. He has won a prize which makes any prize of social recognition seem absolutely paltry."

This may seem to be putting it rather strong—though perhaps not too strong for the occasion—but Mr. Roosevelt's sentiments seem to be finding a very practical echo in the proposition to raise a fund to build a gate in memory of Marshall Newell, '94, an athlete of distinction, and a man of fine character and much beloved, who was accidentally killed on December 24 at Springfield. A memorial gate is an admirable monument, and Marshall Newell seems to have been an admirable fellow, but somehow it seems worth noting as an unprecedented thing that such a monument should be suggested in honor of a man whose time of action was so short and whose opportunities were so sorrowfully curtailed. In so far as affection has prompted the movement it is outside of criticism, but otherwise it makes one wonder whether football is merely a game as it used to be, or has come to be a serious career in which the highest prizes are attainable.

The *Cercle Français* of Harvard University lately received $20,000 from Mr. James H. Hyde as a fund to provide for an annual course of French lectures. The first lecturer on the foundation thus provided will be M. Rene Doumic, literary critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who is now on his way to this country. He is thirty-eight years old, was educated at Lycée Condorcet, was graduated with distinction in 1882 from the Superior Normal School, and has since been a professor of rhetoric in Stanislaus College. He has been an industrious literary and dramatic critic, and his published works, to the number of eight or ten volumes, deal almost exclusively with literary and dramatic topics. He has lectured often in the cities of France, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland, and three years ago was admitted to the Legion of Honor.

The *Woman's Tribune* of Washington (D.C.) complains of this department of the Weekly for "discouraging attempts to prevent the using of birds for millinery purposes." The Audubon societies are engaged in a work with which the Weekly is full of sympathy, and which it is not at all disposed to discourage. What has been criticised is the endeavor to substitute legislation for moral suasion. To persuade women not to wear birds in their hats is a good work. To enact a law that no person is to wear the plumage of any prohibited bird, under penalty of a fine, is a different matter. The laws of a free country ought not prescribe what folks shall wear. If Congress chooses to prohibit the importation of certain bird skins or feathers, or if the State of New York or the State of Florida prohibits the killing of certain useful wild birds, well and good. But if the State of New York should pass a law, such as has been introduced at Albany, forbidding any one to have or wear, under penalty of $25 fine, the plumage of any wild bird whose taking or killing the act prohibits, would not that be a case where the remedy was worse than the disease?

Very interesting was the impassioned effort of Mr. Congressman Mahany of Buffalo, made in the House on February 23, "to clear the skirts of the Republican party from connection with, or responsibility for," an entertainment that was given in New York on the evening of February 17. That was the day of the official funeral of the dead from the *Maine*. The behavior of "the so-called 400 of New York city," who, Mr. Mahany says, went to a "garden party" on that night, seems to him an affront to the sentiment of the nation. He denounced these people in New York as folks "not to be confounded with those who control and operate large aggregations of capital for beneficent purposes," but as "mere possessors and users of wealth, who toil not nor spin, but are so lost to all sense of propriety as to insult the sentiment of patriotic citizens."

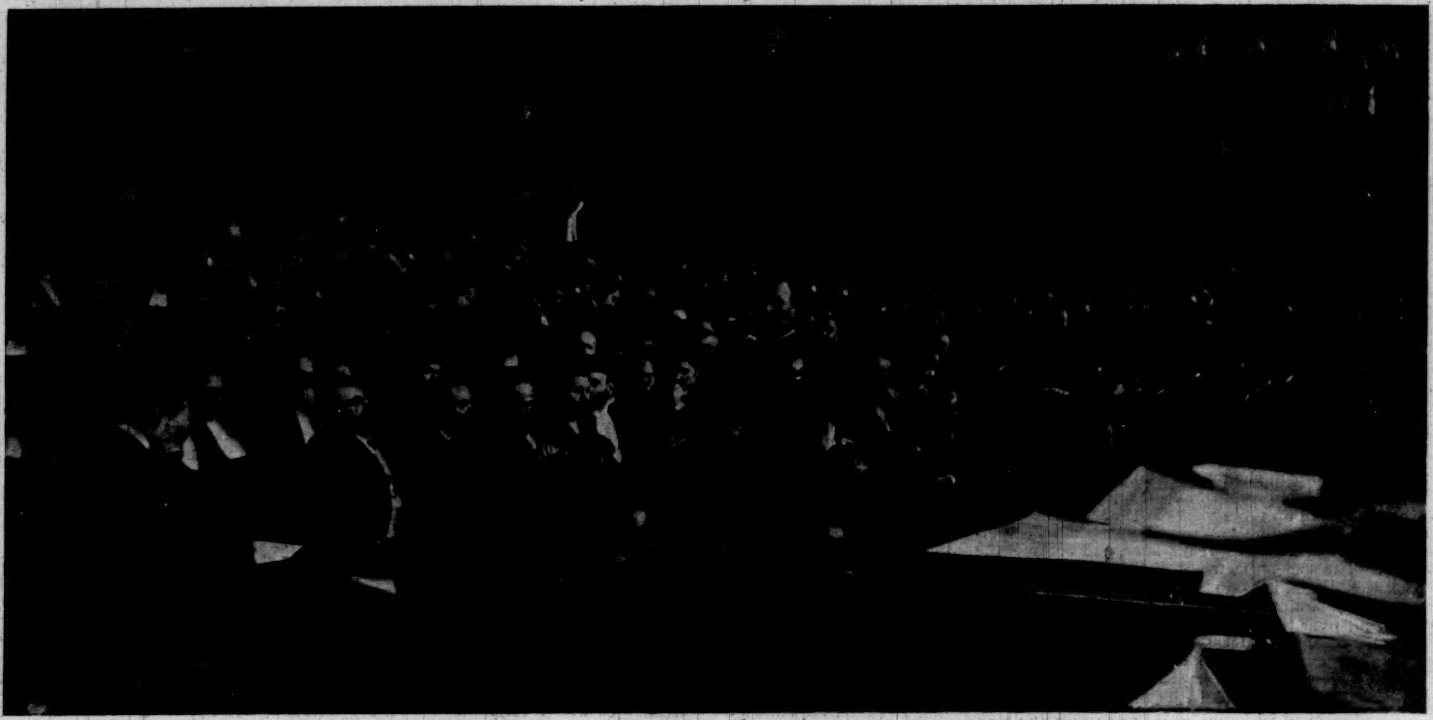
It turns out, on investigation, that an entertainment was given at the house of Mr. A. S. Hewitt on the evening of February 17, and it must be that that has distressed Mr. Mahany. So far as appears, there was no general abandonment of social engagements during the week of the *Maine* disaster in any American city except Washington. If New York had been the capital of the country, it would doubtless have happened here, as in London after the *Victoria* disaster, that invitations, even to private parties, would have been cancelled.

But why should Mr. Mahany denounce these people in New York for their conduct, and overlook the callousness of his neighbors in Buffalo? The Buffalo *Express* records that in that town on Thursday evening, February 17, there was a big church wedding in Trinity Church, with a reception afterwards; two other smaller weddings; a masked ball given by the ladies of the Dellmore, a family hotel; a surprise party with dancing; an in-door bicycle party; an enjoyable entertainment in the Guild House of the Church of the Good Shepherd, including a Colonial supper, music, and dancing; and a very enjoyable social at Miss Nordin's academy, where there was a banquet and a musical, and where the guest of honor was the Right Reverend Bishop Dondonville, O. M. I., of British Columbia. With all these beams in the eye of Buffalo, why does Mr. Mahany bestir himself so vigorously to take the mote out of the eye of New York? Why not point his remarks with home illustrations? Pending further advices from him, New York will be inclined to disbelieve that the spark of patriotism and public spirit that has been used to glow beneath the shirt-front of Mr. Abram Hewitt is extinct, or that the children and grandchildren of Peter Cooper are indifferent to public griefs.

There will be curiosity among lovers of Thackeray to see the new "Biographical Edition" of his works, which has been edited by his daughter, Mrs. Ritchie. It is published in England by Smith, Elder, & Co., and in this country by the Harpers. Each novel has its own introduction, and the series includes many letters of Thackeray hitherto-unpublished, new drawings and sketches by him, fac-similes of manuscripts, and several portraits not before reproduced. It is announced that the first volume will be out on April 15, the rest following at the rate of one a month.

The Harvard alumni, who were invited to vote by letter on the question of permitting graduates of all the schools of the university to vote for overseers, are found to favor that innovation. The vote stood 1279 to 1675. It was supposed by some persons that recent graduates were more disposed to favor the change than older ones, and that was to a limited extent the case; but the classes of every decade represented gave a majority for the change.

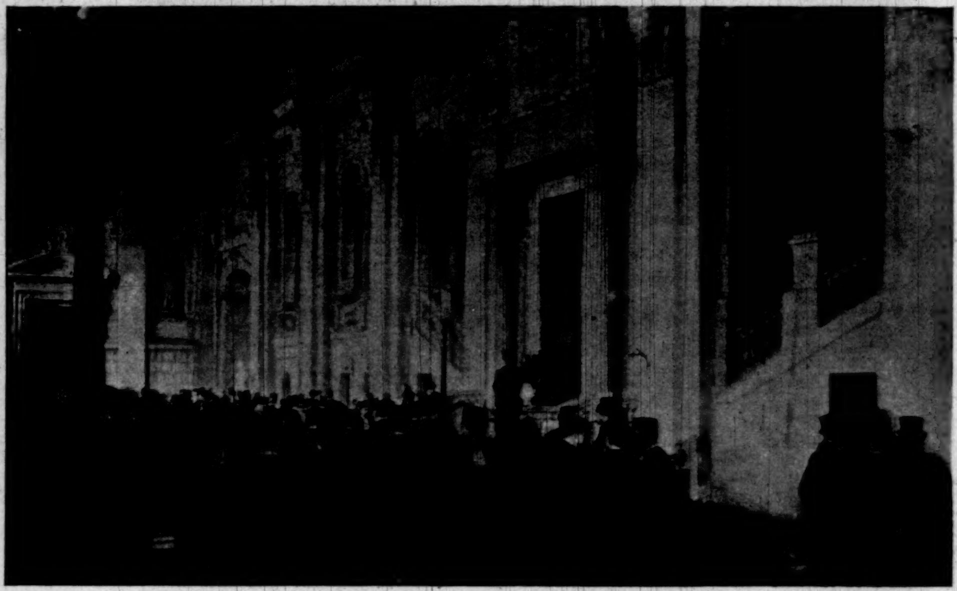
E. S. Martin.



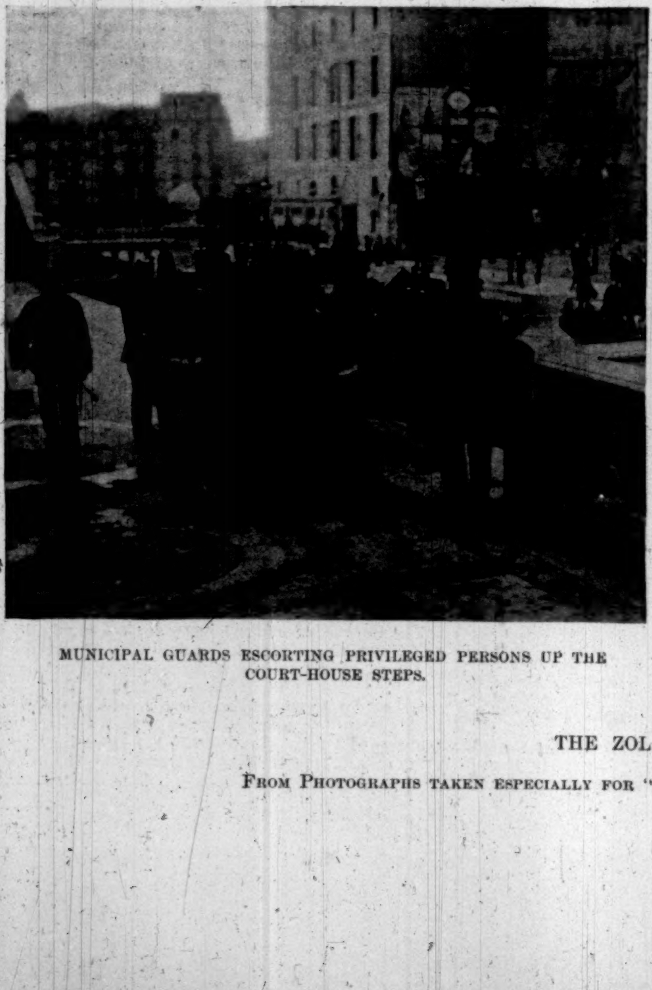
Zola. General de Pellieux.

SCENE IN THE COURT-ROOM ON THE FOURTH DAY OF THE TRIAL—GENERAL DE PELLIEUX ON THE WITNESS-STAND.

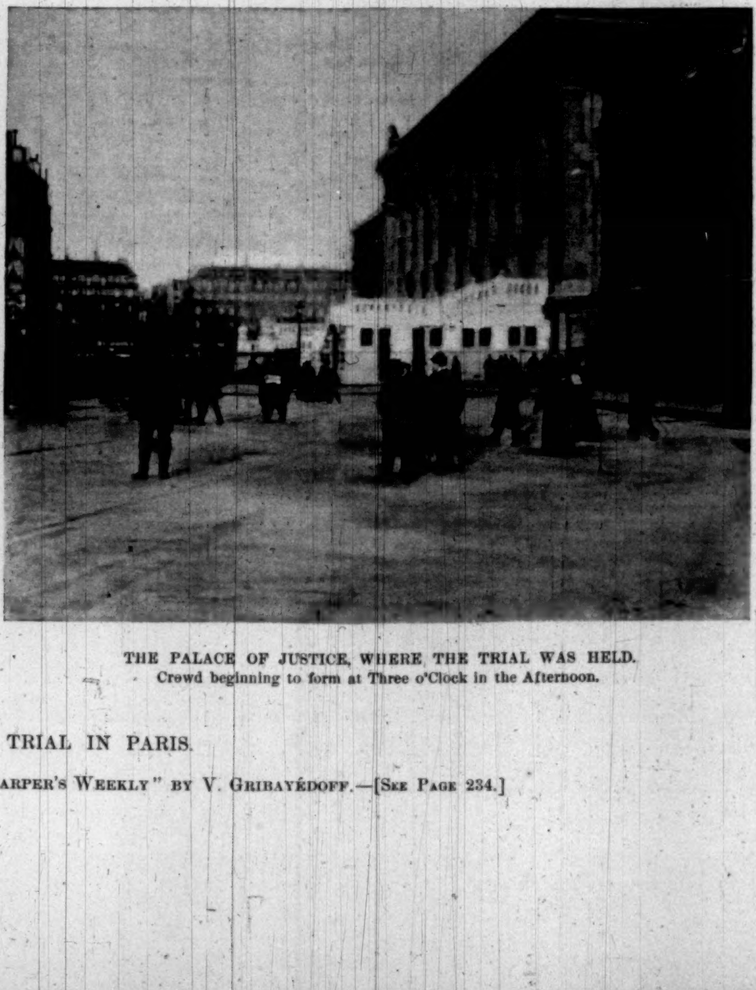
GENERAL MERCIER, FORMER MINISTER OF WAR, ARRIVING AT THE COURT-HOUSE.



SCENE IN THE *SALLE DES PAS PERDUS* OF THE PALACE OF JUSTICE DURING A RECESS OF THE COURT.



MUNICIPAL GUARDS ESCORTING PRIVILEGED PERSONS UP THE COURT-HOUSE STEPS.



THE PALACE OF JUSTICE, WHERE THE TRIAL WAS HELD.
Crowd beginning to form at Three o'Clock in the Afternoon.

THE ZOLA TRIAL IN PARIS.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 234.]

DESMAYO—THE CUBAN BALAKLAVA.

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON—LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL AND CHIEF OF ARTILLERY OF THE CUBAN INSURGENT ARMY.

FOR twelve days, in the autumn of 1896, the Cuban insurgents had been laying siege to the little town of Cascorra, fifty miles east of the city of Puerto Principe; but although the three forts had been rendered untenable by artillery fire, the heroic little garrison, scarcely 150 men, of a Tarragona regiment, still made a stubborn defence from the trenches, and sent defiant replies to all of Gomez's communications demanding their surrender. The aged and peppery-tempered rebel chieftain fretted and fumed, and paced up and down before his tent for many an hour, but could not bring himself to throw his newly recruited infantry against that maze of barb-wire fences, exposing them to the fire of 150 Mauser rifles in the hands of men who, it was evident, meant to fight to the death.

Gomez had about 600 cavalry, 300 infantry, and a small squad of artillerymen with two Hotchkiss guns, although Spanish accounts of the engagement credit him with more than 5000 men—a most ridiculous assertion.

On the 5th of October the expected happened, and insurgent scouts guarding the roads to the westward of the beleaguered town announced the approach of a Spanish force of 2500 men coming to the relief. Gomez hastily withdrew his forces from about Cascorra, and taking a position at the *potréro* La Machuca, three miles to the westward, calmly awaited the arrival of General Castellano's column of 2500. The engagement, which began at four o'clock in the afternoon, lasted scarcely an hour, the Cubans making no attempt to force the fighting, and before nightfall the heroic garrison of Cascorra was cheering the advance-guard of the relieving column. Gomez camped on the battle-field, and the next day kept his tireless scouts watching the Spaniards in Cascorra.

Our two guns that had been used in besieging the town and in the engagement at La Machuca were sent away to a *prefectura* to remain until the arrival of more ammunition for them, while we artillerymen asked and received permission from General Gomez to incorporate ourselves for the time being with his cavalry escort.

At three o'clock on the morning of the 7th a scout dashed furiously into camp. Gomez was awakened and gave a few sharp orders, and in ten seconds the blare of the bugle had tumbled the men out of their hammocks, and in a surprisingly short time another blast sent them groping through the darkness to find their picketed horses.

The whole camp was a scene of confusion. A drizzling rain was falling, and the darkness was intense. The only light was a candle that Gomez's orderly was holding while the old man dressed himself.

The cause of all this uproar was that General Castellano was trying to steal a march on us by evacuating the town in the darkness, while the Cuban chief was determined to bring him to another and better fight than La Machuca. Despite the confusion, our force was on the march in half an hour after the first alarm, and picked its way through the drenched grass to the *camino real*, or main road, half a mile to the north, where we remained until the break of day. The patter of shots could now be heard, as the insurgent scouts were annoying the enemy's advance. After half an hour of this desultory skirmishing scouts brought the information that the enemy had left the main road and turned to the northward, evidently intending to strike the railroad at Las Minas, instead of at Puerto Principe. They had a two hours' start; but Gomez, instead of falling in behind and giving direct chase, spent the entire day trying to head off the column and force it to fight. The fact came out afterward that the Spanish commander's unwillingness to come to bay was because he believed the opposing force to number 5000 men, instead of less than one-fifth that number. Had not Gomez been encumbered by his infantry he would have succeeded in his plan, but as it was the two forces marched in a curved parallel the entire day, the scouts on the Cuban right flank and those on the Spanish left coming into contact and skirmishing at intervals. And so all day we splashed through muddy lanes, or filed across grassy *potréros*, where herds of cattle, alarmed at the skirmish firing, stampeded and tore madly away, heads and tails in air. At nightfall the two forces halted within two miles of each other, both afraid to advance further in the darkness.

The Spanish column was in the main road leading into the town of San Miguel de Nuevitas, and about a league from that place. We merely dismounted, and picketed our horses to graze without removing the saddles. No attempt was made to prepare food, as there had been no time during the day to kill cattle, and as the insurgents are not in the habit of burdening themselves with a provision train, there was nothing in camp to be cooked. The majority of us had swung our hammocks, in the hope of obtaining a few hours' rest, and had barely got settled down, when low whistles sounded through the camp; for the blast of the bugles might disclose our whereabouts to the enemy, and word was passed along the line to remount at once. In a short time we were again in the saddle, and filed out slowly along a little path that led through the dripping woods. Orders to maintain absolute silence were passed along the line. The darkness was Egyptian, but our guide knew his business well, and in an hour we were planted in the main road ahead of the Spanish column. Here we again dismounted, and seated ourselves with backs against the tree trunks, and passed what seemed an endless night.

Gomez and staff remained awake all night, and from time to time scouts came in to report that the enemy was still in camp two miles distant.

At four o'clock in the morning came the order *á caballo* (to horse), passed down the line in whispers. In less than half a minute 600 men were in the saddle, prepared for what all knew was going to be a hot fight; for Gomez's blood was up, and the old man, usually so silent and non-committal, had announced openly that he was going to give the enemy something to talk about for the next year.

The people of the sanitary were left behind, under Doctors Molinet and Silva, and made preparations to receive and care for the wounded. With them remained such impedimenta as officers' servants and a few sick. A hundred men, under Major Guerra, were detached to protect the field hospital in case of defeat, and the remainder of us marched down the road through the woods for a mile. Gomez was at the head with his staff, followed by his escort of sixty cavalry, and behind these the first and a part of the second squadrons of Camaguey. At the first glimmer of dawn we emerged from the woods into a beautiful level savanna on the Desmayo estate. The grass was about knee-high to a horse, and palmettos were scattered here and there. A line of battle, two ranks deep, was formed across the road at right angles, and we sat on our restless horses awaiting the coming of day. Gomez and his staff took a position on the left wing, and did not participate in the charge that followed. Lieutenant-Colonel Bernabe Bosa, chief of the escort, who was to lead the attack in person, rode up and down in front of the line, cautioning that the most absolute silence be maintained, and ordering all to unsling their carbines and prepare for action.

Bosa was a nervous, excitable fellow, but recklessly brave in action. He rode up to where we Americans were, on the extreme right of the line, hoped that none of us would get hit, and confided to us that Gomez intended to charge the head of the Spanish column as it came marching up the road, and throw it into confusion. It is evident that he little expected to find the enemy in line of battle ready to receive him.

It was now fairly daylight, but an impenetrable fog had settled down over the landscape, and one could not see thirty feet in any direction. As we sat on our horses awaiting developments, we fell to conversing in whispers, and I noticed that the voices of all, Americans and Cubans alike, had a decided tremor. If a man's personal feelings at such a moment are of interest, I am free to confess that I would have given a handsome sum to be elsewhere. It was the long wait, the doing nothing, that unstrung the nerves of all. On account of the fog, our scouts had been withdrawn from in front of the line, lest, in case the fight opened suddenly, they be caught between two fires.

We now began to hear noises in our front, sometimes the neigh of a horse or the bray of a mule, but more than anything else the sort of undefinable sound made by more than 2000 men splashing along the muddy road, with the accompanying jingle and rattle of their arms and equipment. The rumbling grew louder and nearer, and all of us were straining our eyes to pierce the fog, when suddenly it ceased, and all was as silent as ever. At this juncture a breeze sprang up from the eastward behind us, and began to roll back the fog.

Our own line was soon uncovered, and we got a good look at ourselves for the first time, and saw a slightly curved double line about 300 yards long. Near our end of the line was the silk flag of Gomez's escort, carried by a big negro sergeant. Slowly backward rolled the fog, gradually uncovering the ground on our front, while the sun, half an hour high, showed himself for the first time and lighted up the whole scene gloriously. The nerves of all were strung to the highest pitch, for we knew that the crisis was at hand.

Finally we made out on our front, not more than 400 yards distant, something that at first looked like a hedge or a picket fence; but in a few seconds more, as the fog cleared up, it was seen to be a force of infantry in line of battle, forming two sides of a hollow square, with two field-pieces at the angle ready for action. The enemy had suspected that we were on their front, and were prepared to receive us. Mingled exclamations of surprise and consternation ran up and down the line. Would the general order a charge or a retreat? Opinions on this point were about evenly divided. There was an embarrassing wait of half a minute. Gomez was taking in the situation before deciding what to do. The Spaniards, uncertain whether we were Cubans or Spanish guerillas who had come out to meet them, hesitated to open fire. But the suspense was soon over. From where Gomez and his staff were waiting came the quick, jerky ra-ta-ta-ta of the headquarters bugle sounding the charge. The effect was magical and instantaneous. The moments that followed were, it seems to me, worth some years of humdrum existence, and it would be a mighty poor sort of man whose heart would not thrill as his mind went back to that wild charge across the Cuban savanna. The whole line moved forward, first at a trot, and then at a gallop.

The Cubans were firing over the heads of their horses as they advanced, with Winchester and Remington carbines, while above the terrific din rose the yells of *Viva! Viva Cuba! Adelante, adelante! Arriba, arriba!*

We had covered scarcely forty yards, when a blaze of light broke along the whole front of the Spanish line, followed in a few seconds by another, and then another, while at each discharge the air about us seemed full of the spiteful crackling of Mauser bullets. The scene that followed is beyond description. Men and horses were falling on every side, while above the crash of rifle volleys and the booming of cannon rose the frantic cheers of the Cubans and the thunder of nearly two thousand hoofs. The Spaniards gave us six perfect volleys, emptying the magazines of their rifles, but their fire after that was at will and rather wild—usually too high.

But it does not take long for horses to gallop 400 yards, and in a short time we were upon them. The Cubans showed no disposition to force their horses on to the bayonets and come to close quarters with the machete, but rode furiously up and down the line at a distance of from twenty to forty yards, emptying carbines and revolvers in the faces of the Spanish infantry, and did good execution. The Spaniards, who at the beginning of the charge had done such perfect volley-firing, were now shooting wildly. All had their rifles at the hip instead of at the shoulder, and were madly pumping bullets into the air; and, incredible as it may seem, even at that close range the greater part of their fire was passing over our heads. We were so close to the Spanish line that we could distinguish the features of the men whenever there was a temporary rift in the smoke. It was plain that they were excited, but there was no sign of panic or of giving way. The two Spanish cannon, that had peppered us badly with canister while crossing the open space, were now withdrawn behind the line, for fear of capture. We had held our hopeless position on the Spanish front for something more than a minute, and it seemed that, notwithstanding the bad firing of the enemy, we were to be cut to pieces, when suddenly a lively scattering fire opened on our right, and the woods 500 yards distant were being flecked with the white smoke of the Remingtons. We were certain that the new arrivals were friends, for the Mauser rifle used by the Spanish regulars makes little or no smoke, and our surmise was correct. Avelino Rosa, the Colombian, had arrived with the 300 infantry, and was making a well-directed and most determined attack on that part of the Spanish half-square facing the north, which hitherto had not been in action. This fire, of course, caught on the flank the side with which the cavalry was engaged, and rendered the Spanish position untenable.

The Spaniards facing the attacking infantry replied to their assailants with rapid volleys, but with little effect, owing to the fact that the Cubans were deployed in open order and were advancing stooping and crawling. The closely packed Spaniards standing upright lost more heavily; and their commander, doubtless thinking that the attacking force was a large one and that he was in danger of being surrounded, ordered a retreat, which was conducted without confusion, they carrying from the field all their wounded and the greater part of their dead, the rear-guard in the mean time keeping up a fire on Rosa.

Under ordinary circumstances this would have been the opportunity of the Cuban cavalry to use the machete, but they had been so severely punished that they were glad enough to quit.

There were scarcely a hundred mounted men left, half of those not killed or wounded having lost their horses. Within five minutes after the bugle had sounded that fatal charge the battle of Desmayo was at an end.

The Spanish loss, as we afterwards learned on good authority, was 204 between killed and wounded.

At Balaklava the Light Brigade charged against men armed with muzzle-loading flintlocks and batteries of old-style cannon. In the ride of half a league they lost thirty-seven per cent. of their number in killed and wounded, and the world will never forget the story of their valor.

At Desmayo that little force of 479 Cubans rode against magazine-rifles, firing twenty shots a minute, and breech-loading artillery, and held their position in the face of that pitiless fire until fifty-two per cent. had tumbled from their horses, killed or wounded.

But nobody has written a poem about us, or ever will.

FREDERICK FUNSTON.

MR. FUNSTON went to Cuba in August, 1896, on the expedition commanded by Rafael Cabrera. About two weeks after his arrival he was incorporated in the force of Maximo Gomez, and placed in charge of two guns—including a twelve-pound Hotchkiss brought by Cabrera—with the rank of Captain.

He commanded these two guns in the twelve days' siege of Cascorra, a small town defended by three forts, and in the engagement at La Machuca, with the Spanish column that, on October 4, raised the siege. Although Cascorra was practically a Cuban defeat, Mr. Funston states that Gomez was so well pleased with the work of his artillery-men that he issued a general order complimenting them. After the battle of Desmayo, on October 8, Gomez marched to meet Calixto Garcia, near Guimaro.

After a conference, Gomez and Garcia agreed to attack the town of Guimaro, which was defended by eleven small forts. Major W. D. Osgood, of Garcia's forces, who had charge of the artillery, fell on the second day, and Captain Funston succeeded to the command. He was promoted to Major, and made chief of artillery on the day that the town surrendered. Early in the following month he participated in the battles of Lugonas and Cascorra, and then marched to the east with Garcia. He participated in the numerous engagements east of the Canto River, in the bombardment of the Jiguani forts, and in the battles of Baire and Monte Alto. News having reached General Garcia of the landing of Roloff at Banes with a large supply of war material, he marched thither at once with 4000 men. Roloff brought, among other artillery, a Sims-Dudly pneumatic dynamite gun, which played such havoc several months later at Las Tunas. Major Funston participated in the series of engagements that followed the arrival of the Spanish land and naval force at Banes, and on May 11 bombarded the Sama forts for General Torres. On August 28 General Garcia attacked the town of Las Tunas, defended by twenty-one forts. Major Funston commanded the five guns used in the operation, and on the fall of the place, after two days and nights of fighting, was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. He took part in the fights with General Luque's Spanish column in September. On December 12 he attempted to ride unaccompanied across the railroad line that extended from Nuevitas to Puerto Principe, and falling into an ambuscade, was taken prisoner. He eventually secured his release, and upon giving his parole to give the insurgents no further aid, was allowed to return to the United States.

FREDERICK FUNSTON.

THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "LOCHINVAR," "THE GRAY MAN," "THE STICKIT MINISTER," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER XIX.

WENDISH WIT.

THE gray plain of the Wolfmark, which we had been traversing ever since we descended out of the steep Weiss Thor of the city of Thorn, had now begun to break into ridges and mounded hills of stiff red clay. I, who had often kept my watch on the highest pinnacle of the Red Tower, looked with astonishment back upon the city I had left. Seen from the plain, Thorn had an aspect almost imperial.

It rose above the colorless flat of gray suddenly, unexpectedly. The city, with its numberless gables, spires of churches, turreted gate-houses, occupied a ridge of gradually swelling ground which rose like a huge whaleback from the misty plain. Its walls were gray and far-stretching. But as we travelled further into the Wolfmark, the city seemed to sink deeper into the plain, and the dark castle of Duke Casimir to shoot higher into the skies; so that presently, as we looked back, we could only see the Wolfsberg itself, the abode of cruelty and wrong, black against the white sky of noon.

Its flanking towers stood up above the battlemented wall, their turrets climbing higher and higher towards heaven, till the topmost Red Tower—that in which my father's garret was, and in which I had spent my entire life until this day—soared straight upward above them all, like a threatening index-finger pointing not into the clear sky of a summer's day, but into clouds and thick darkness.

I was glad when at last we lost sight of it. Then, indeed, I felt that I had left my old life behind me. And in spite of the Lady Ysolinde's ink-pool prophecy and my love for my father—such as it was—I did not mean ever to return within that baleful circle of gray and weary plain upon which the Red Tower looked down.

Seeing that the maids were inclined to talk, the one with the other, or rather that the Lady Ysolinde spoke confidentially with Helene, and that Helene now answered her without embarrassment and with frank equal glances, I dropped gradually behind and rode with the two stout men-at-arms. These I found to be stout lads enough, but of a strangely reserved and taciturn nature, each ever waiting for the other to answer, being, like most Wendish men, much averse to questioning, and still more stiff as to replying.

"You are men of Plassenburg?" I said to the nearest, simply and innocently enough, for the purpose of improving the cordiality of our relations.

Whereupon he turned his head slowly about to his neighbor, as it were to consult him. The glance said, as clearly as monk's script, "What shall we answer to this troublesome, inquisitive fellow?"

At first I thought that perhaps they spoke not the common dialect, and that as we were travelling towards regions roughly Wendish, and but lately heathen, they might have some unknown speech of their own. So, as is ever the custom with folk that are not accustomed to the speaking of foreign tongues, I repeated the question in mine own language, in a louder tone, supposing that that would do as well.

"You are men of the country of Plassenburg?" said I, as loud as I could bawl.

"We are not deaf—we have all our faculties, praise the saints!" said the more distant of the two, looking not at me, but at his companion. He nodded back at his companion's reply, as if it had been delicately calculated at once to answer my question and at the same time not to commit them to any dangerous opinions.

I tried again.

"Your prince, I hear, is a true man, brave, and well versed in war?"

The shorter and stouter man, who rode beside me, glanced once at my face, and slowly turned his head to his companion in a long questioning gaze. Then as slowly he turned his head back again.

"Umph!" he said, judicially, with a movement of his head which seemed to have been caused by a successful compromise between a nod and a shake, just as his remark might very well have resulted from an attempt to say "Yes" and "No" at the same time.

This was not encouraging to one who, like myself, was in high spirits and much inclined for conversation. But I was not to be so easily beaten off.

"The Prince of Plassenburg has a Princess," I said, "who is often upon her travels?"

It was an innocent remark, and, so far as I could see, not one in itself highly humorous; but it broke up the gravity of these red-bearded northern bears as if it had been the latest gay sally of the court-fool.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the more distant lanky man, rocking himself in his saddle till the pennon on his lance shook and the point dipped towards his horse's ear.

"Ho! ho!" chorussed his companion, slapping his thigh jovially. "Jorian, did you hear that? 'The Prince of Plassenburg hath a Princess, and she is often upon her travels.' Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!"

"He hath said it! Ho! ho! He hath said it! He is a wise fellow, after all, this Jack-pudding of Thorn!" cried the other, teeheeing with laughter till he nearly wept upon his own saddle-bow.

I began to get angry. For we men of Thorn were not accustomed to be so flouted by any strangers, keeping mostly our own customs, and reining in the few strangers who ventured to visit Duke Casimir's dominions pretty tightly. Least of all could I brook insolence from these Wendish boors from the outskirts of half-pagan Borrussia.

"The Prince of Plassenburg hath churls among his retinue," said I, hotly, "if they be all like you two Jacks, that cannot answer a simple question without singing like donkeys upon a common where there are no thistles to keep them quiet."

Sir Thicksides, the jolter-head nearest me, set his thumb out to stick it into the side armor of Longlegs, his companion, who rode cheek by jowl with him.

"Oo-oo-ahoo!" cried he, crowing with mirth, as if I had said a yet more facetious thing. "'Tis a simple question: 'Hath the Prince of Plassenburg a Princess, and is she not oft—ahoo!' Boris, prod me with thy lance-shaft hard, to keep me from doing myself an ill turn with this fellow's innocence."

"Hold up, Jorian!" answered the long man, promptly pounding him on the back with the butt of his spear. "Hold up, fat Jorian! Let not thy love of mirth do thee an injury. For thou wert a good comrade, and fools were ever apt to divert thee too much. I have seen thee at this before—that time we went to Wilna, and the fellow in motley gave thee griping spasms with his tomfoolery."

Then was I mainly angry, as indeed I had sufficient occasion.

"You are but churls, and the next thing to knaves. And I will e'en inform the Prince when we arrive what like are the men whom he sets to escort ladies to his castle."

But though they were silenter after this, it was not from any alarm at my words of ply, but simply because they had laughed themselves out. For as I rode on in high dudgeon half-way between the women and the men-at-arms, I could see them, with the corner of an eye, still nudging each other with their thumbs and throwing back their heads, and the breeze blew me scraps of their limited conversation.

"Ho! ho! Good, was it not? 'The Prince hath a Princess, and she—' Ho! ho! Good!"

The ridges of clay of which I have spoken continued, and increased in size as we went on. It was a dried-up, speckled, unwholesome-looking land. And people upon it there were none that we could see. The large fortified farms had ceased altogether. A certain frightful monotony reigned everywhere. Ravines, like cracks which the sun makes in mud, but a thousand times greater, began to split the hills perpendicularly to their very roots. The path wound perilously this way and that among them. And presently Jorian and Boris rode past me to take the lead, for Ysolinde and Helene were inclined to mistake the way as often as they came to the crossing of the intricate paths.

And as these two jolly jackasses rode past at my right side I could see the thumb of long Boris curving towards the ribs of his companion, and the shoulders of both shaking as they chuckled.

"A simpleton's question, i' faith, yes.' Ho! ho! Good!" they chorussed. "'The Prince hath a Princess,' the cock hath a hen, and she— Ha! ha! Good!"

At that moment I could with pleasure have slain Jorian and Boris for open-mouthed, unshaven, slab-sided Wendish pigs, as indeed they were.

Yet, had I done so, we had fared but ill without them. For had they been a thousand times jackasses and rotten pudding-heads (as they were), at least they knew the way, and something of the people among whom we were going.

And so, in a little while, as we wound our way along the face of these perilous rifts in the baked clay, with the mottled, inefficient river feeling its way gingerly at the bottom of the buff-colored ravine, what was my astonishment to see Jorian and Boris turn sharply at right angles and ride single file up one of the dry lateral cracks, which opened, as it were, directly into the hill-side!

They did this without ever looking at the landmarks.

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

like men who are anyways uncertain of their road. But, on the contrary, they wheeled confidently and rode jauntily on, and we three meekly followed, having by this time lost the Lubber Fiend, the Lord doubtless knew where, and we must have followed Boris and Jorian unquestioningly had they led us into the bowels of the earth, as indeed, at first sight, they seemed to be doing.

CHAPTER XX.

THE EARTH-DWELLERS OF NO MAN'S LAND.

Then presently we came to a strange place, the like of which I have never seen, save here on the borders of the Mark and the northern Wendish lands. Some amalgam of lime, or binding stuff of some sort, had glued the clay of the ravines together, and set it stiff and fast like dried plaster. So, as we went up the narrow, perilous path, our horses had to tread very warily, lest, going too near the edge, they should chip off enough of the foothold to send themselves and their riders whirling neck over toes to the bottom.

All at once the Little Playmate, who was riding before me, screamed out sharp and shrill, and I hastened up to her, thinking she had fallen upon a misfortune. I found her palfrey with ears pricked and distended nostril, gazing at a head in a red nightcap which was set out of a hole in the red clay.

"The country of gnomes! Of a surety, yes! And hitherto I had thought it but the nonsense of folk-tales!" said I to myself.

Which is what we shall say one day of more things than red nightcapped heads.

But the Little Playmate uttered scream after scream, for the head continued coolly to stare at her, as if fixed over the gateway by the craft of some cave-dwelling imp of the Red Axe.

I noticed, however, that the head chewed a straw and spat, which I deemed a gnome would not do—though wherefore straws and spitting are not free to gnomes I do not know and could not have told. Yet, at all events, such was my belief. And a serviceable one enough it was, since it took the fear out of me and gave me back my speech. And when a man can speak he can fight. Contrariwise it is when a woman will not fight that she can talk best, as one may see in any congress of two angry vixens. So long as they rail there is but threatening and safe recriminations, but when one waxes silent, then 'ware nails and teeth! And I am *not* in my dotage to use such illustrations—as not unnaturally sayeth the first to read my history.

"Good man," cried I, to Red Cap in the wall, "I know not why you stick your ugly head out of the mud, but retract it, I pray you. For do you not see that it alarms the lady and affrights her beast?"

The man nodded intelligently, but went on coolly chewing his straw.

Then I went up to him, and, as civilly as I could, took him by the chin and thrust his head back into the hole. And as I did so I saw for the first time that the wall of the clay cliff, tough and gritty with its alloy of lime, had been cut and hewn into houses and huts with doors of wood, and in some cases even windows with bars—very marvellous to see, and such as I have never witnessed elsewhere. Presently, at the trampling of the feet of so many horses, people began to throng to their doors, and children peered out at windows and cried to each other shrilly, "See the Christians!"

For so, being but lately pagans themselves, if not partly so to this day, these outlandish men of the border No Man's Land called us of the south.

Presently we came to an open space sloping away from the sheer cliff, where was a wall and a door greater than the rest.

Jorian rode directly up to the gate, which was of the same dull brick-red as the rest of the curious town. He took the butt of his lance and thumped and banged lustily upon it. For a time there was no reply, but the number of heads thrust out at neighboring windows, and the swarms of townsfolk on the pathways before and behind us, enormously increased.

Jorian thundered again, kicking with his foot, and swearing in mingled Wendish and German. Then he took the point of his spear, and setting it to a hole in the wall above his head, he hooked out an entire wooden window-frame, as one is taught to pull out a shrimp with a pin on the shore of the Baltic Sea.

Whereupon a sudden outcry arose within the house, and a head popped angrily out of the aperture so suddenly created. But as instantly it returned within. For Jorian tossed the lattice to the ground by the door, and thrust his spear-head into the cravat of red which the man had about his throat, shouting at him in the name of the Prince, of the Duke, of the Emperor, of the Archbishop, of all potentates, lay and secular, to come down and open the gates. The man in the red cravat was threatened with the strappado, with the water-torture, with the brodequins, and finally with the devil's cannon—which, according to our man-at-arms, was to be planted on the opposite bank of the ravine, and which would infallibly bring the whole of their wretched town tumbling down into the gulf like swallows' nests from under the eaves.

And this last threat seemed to have more weight than all the rest, probably because the Prince of Plassenburg had already done something of the kind to some other similar town, and the earth-burrowers of Erdberg had good reason to fear the thunder of his artillery.

At all events, the great door opened, and a man of the same brick-red as all the rest of the town appeared at the portal. He bowed profoundly, and Jorian addressed him in some outlandishly compounded speech, of which I could only understand certain oft-recurring words, as "lodging," "victualling," and "order of the Prince."

So presently, after a long and, on the side of our escort, a stormy conference, we were permitted to enter. Our horses were secured at the mangers, which extended all along one side, while opposite to the horses, but similar to their accommodation in every respect, were stalls wherein various families seemed to have encamped for the night.

With all the air of a special favor conferred, we were informed that we must take up our quarters in the middle of the room, and make the best of the hardened floor there. This information, conveyed with a polite wave of the hand and a shrug of the shoulders from our landlord, seemed, not unnaturally, to put Jorian and Boris into a furious passion, for they drew their swords and cleared the capes of their leathern jacks for fighting. So, not to be outdone, I drew my weapon also, and stood by to protect Helene and the Lady Ysolinde.

These two stood close together behind us, but continued to talk indifferently, chiefly of dress and jewels, which surprised me, both in the strange circumstances and because I knew that Helene had seen no more of them than the valueless trinkets which had belonged to my mother, which abode in a green-lined box in the Red Tower. Yet to speak of such things seems to come natural to all women.

As if they had mutually arranged it "from all eternity," as the clerks say, Jorian and Boris took, without hesitation, each a door on the opposite wall, and setting their shoulders to it, they pushed it open, and went within, sword in hand, leaving me alone to protect the ladies and to provide for the safety of the horses.

Presently out from the doors by which our conductors had entered there came tumbling a crowd of men and women, some carrying straw bolsters and wisps of hay, others bearing cooking utensils, and all in various dishabille. Then ensued a great buzzing and stirring, much angry growling on the part of the disturbed men, and shrill calling of women for their errant children.

Helene looked sufficiently pitiful and disturbed as these preparations were being made. But the Lady Ysolinde scarcely noticed them, taking apparently all the riot and delay as so much testimony to the important quality of such great ones of the earth as could afford to travel under the escort of two valiant men-at-arms.

Presently came Jorian and Boris out at a third door, having met somewhere in the back parts of the warren.

They came up to the Lady Ysolinde and bowed humbly.

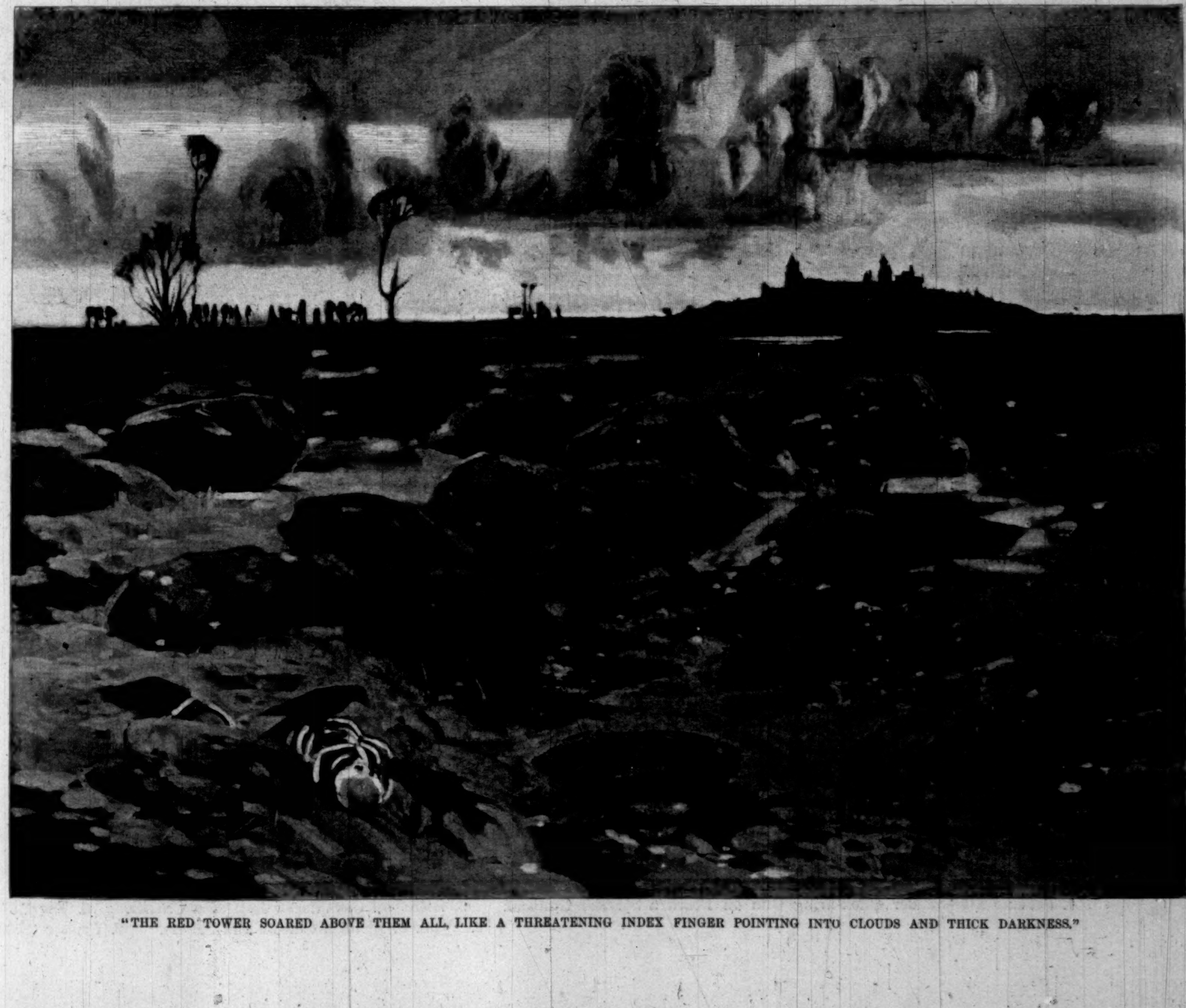
"Will your ladyship deign to choose her chamber? They are all empty. Thereafter we shall see that proper furniture, such as the place affords, is provided for your highness."

I could not but wonder at so much dignity expended upon the daughter of Master Gerard, the lawyer of Thorn. But Ysolinde took their reverence as a matter of course. She lifted her right hand with a little casual flirt of the fingers which said, "Lead on!"

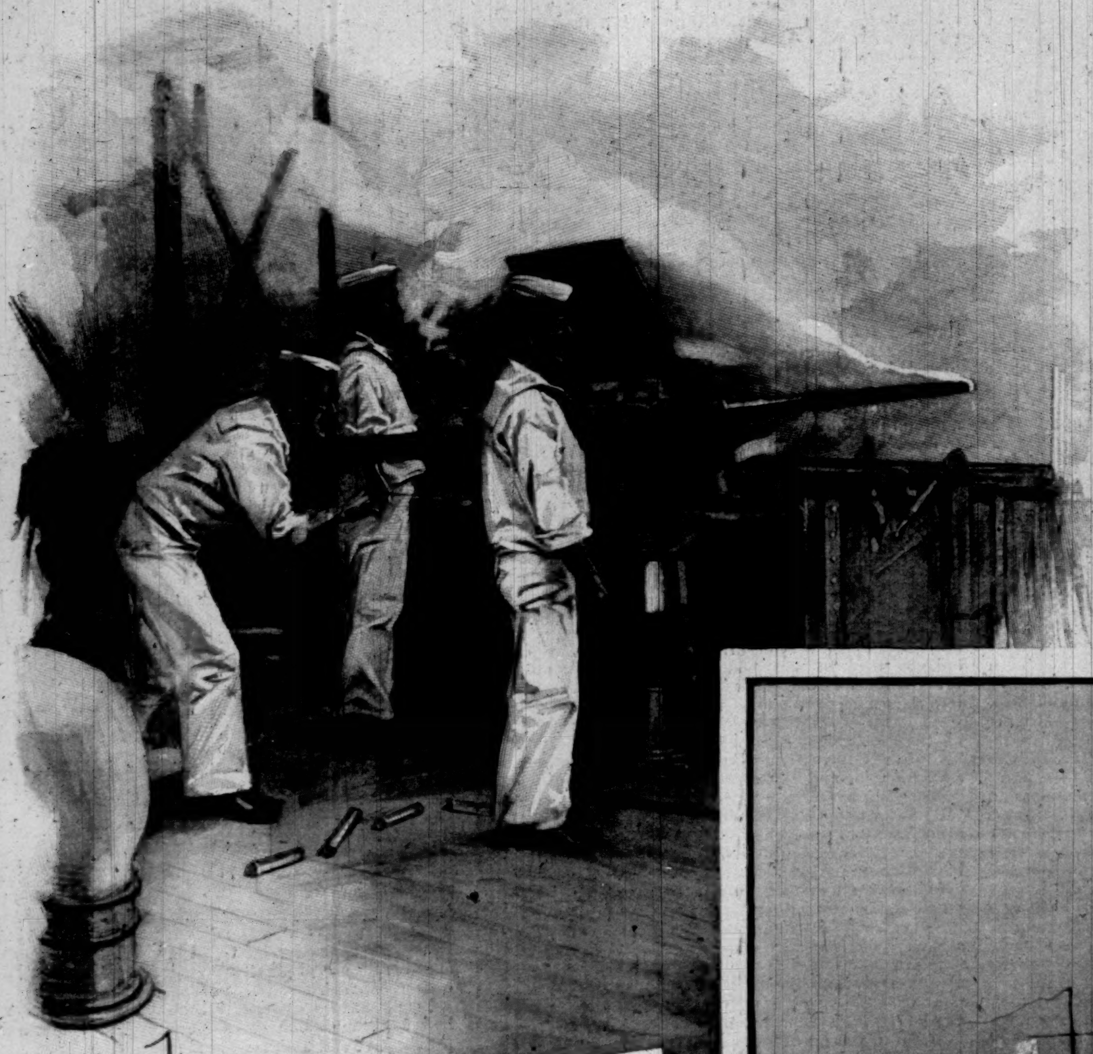
Then Jorian marshalled us within, Boris standing at the door to let us pass, and bringing his sword blade with a little click of salute to the perpendicular as each of us passed. But I chanced to meet his eye as I went within, whereat the rogue deliberately winked, and I could plainly see his shoulders heave. I knew that he was still chewing the cud of his stale and ancient jest, "The Prince hath a Princess, and she!"

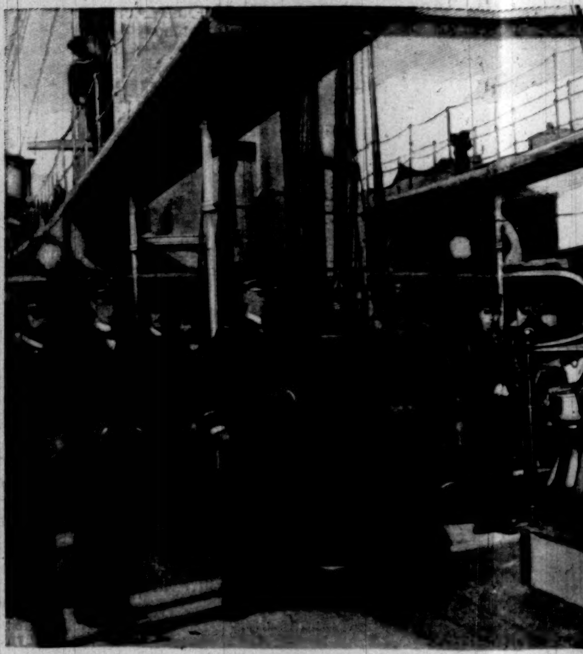
I could have disembowelled the villain. But, after all, he was certainly doing us some service, though in a most provocative and high-handed manner.

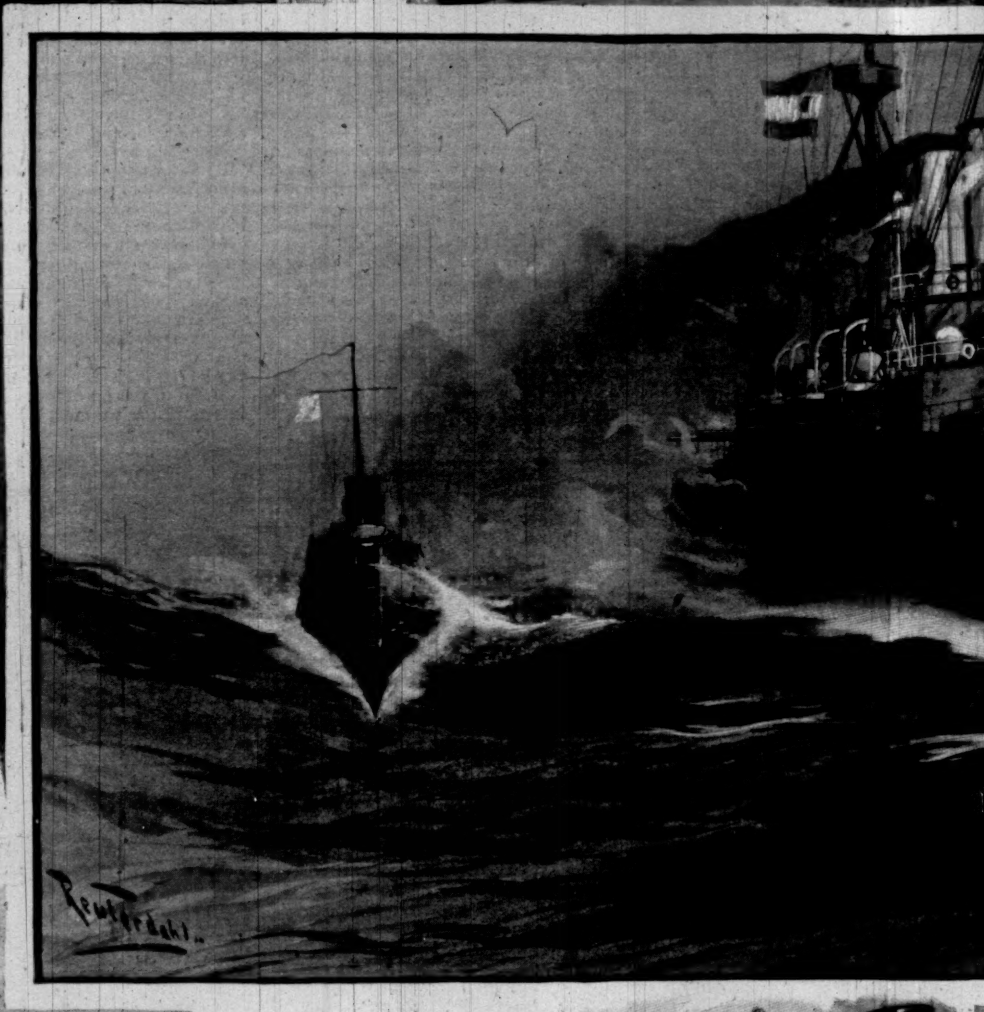
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

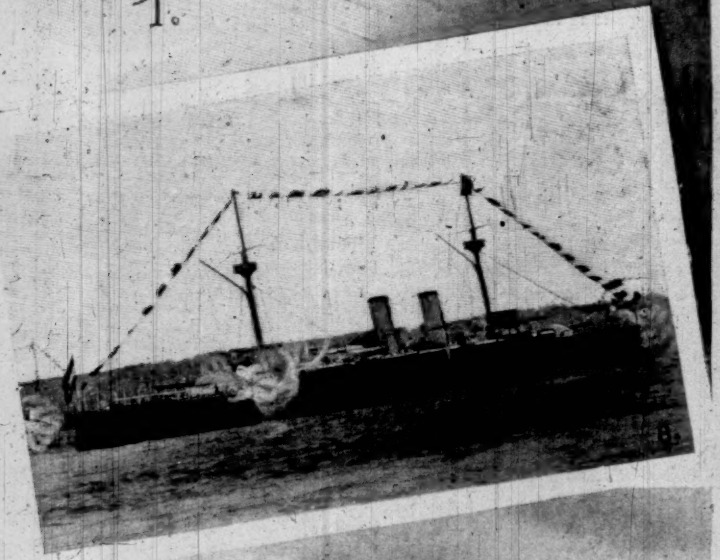


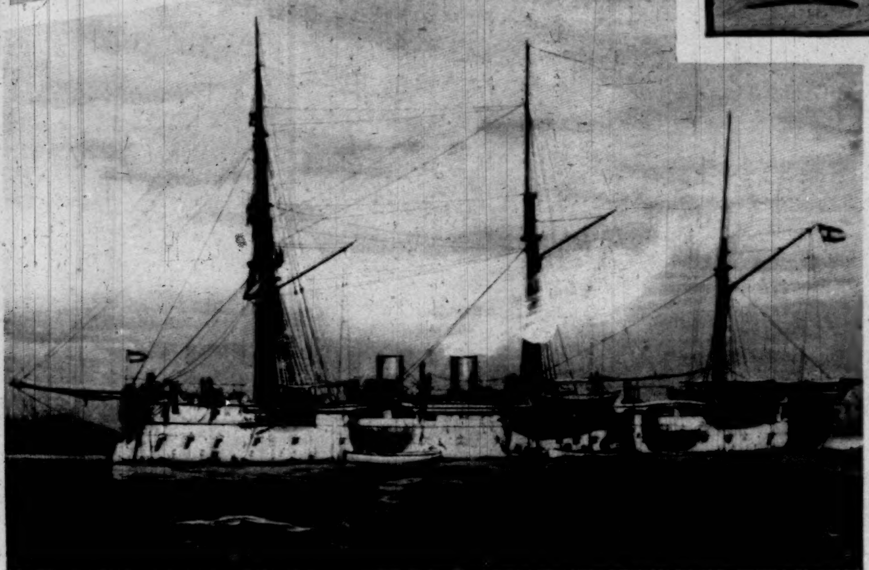
"THE RED TOWER SOARED ABOVE THEM ALL, LIKE A THREATENING INDEX FINGER POINTING INTO CLOUDS AND THICK DARKNESS."





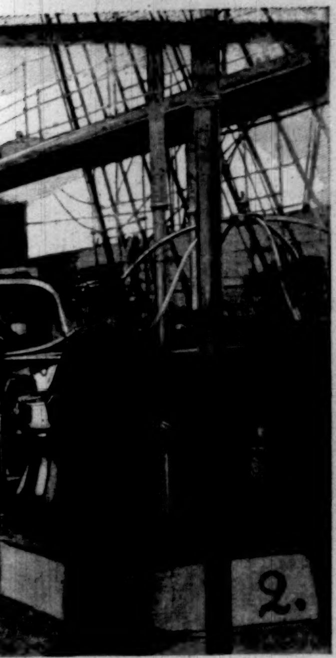


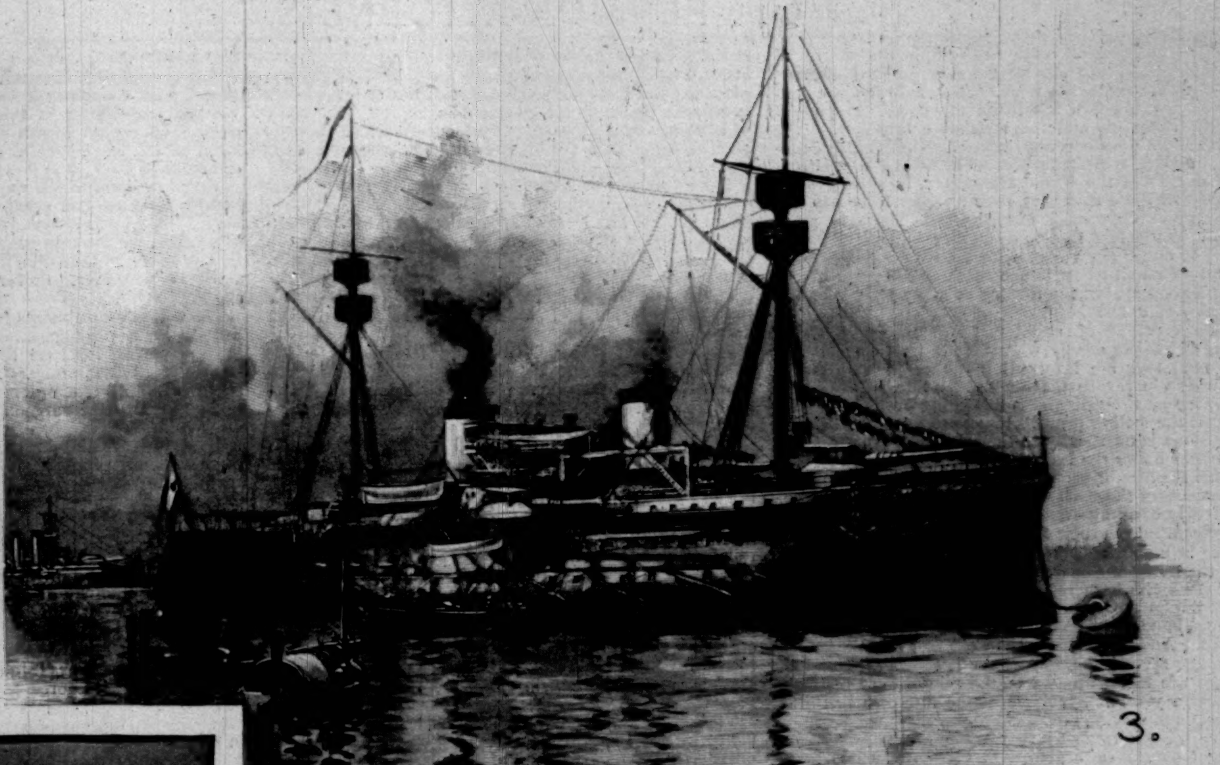


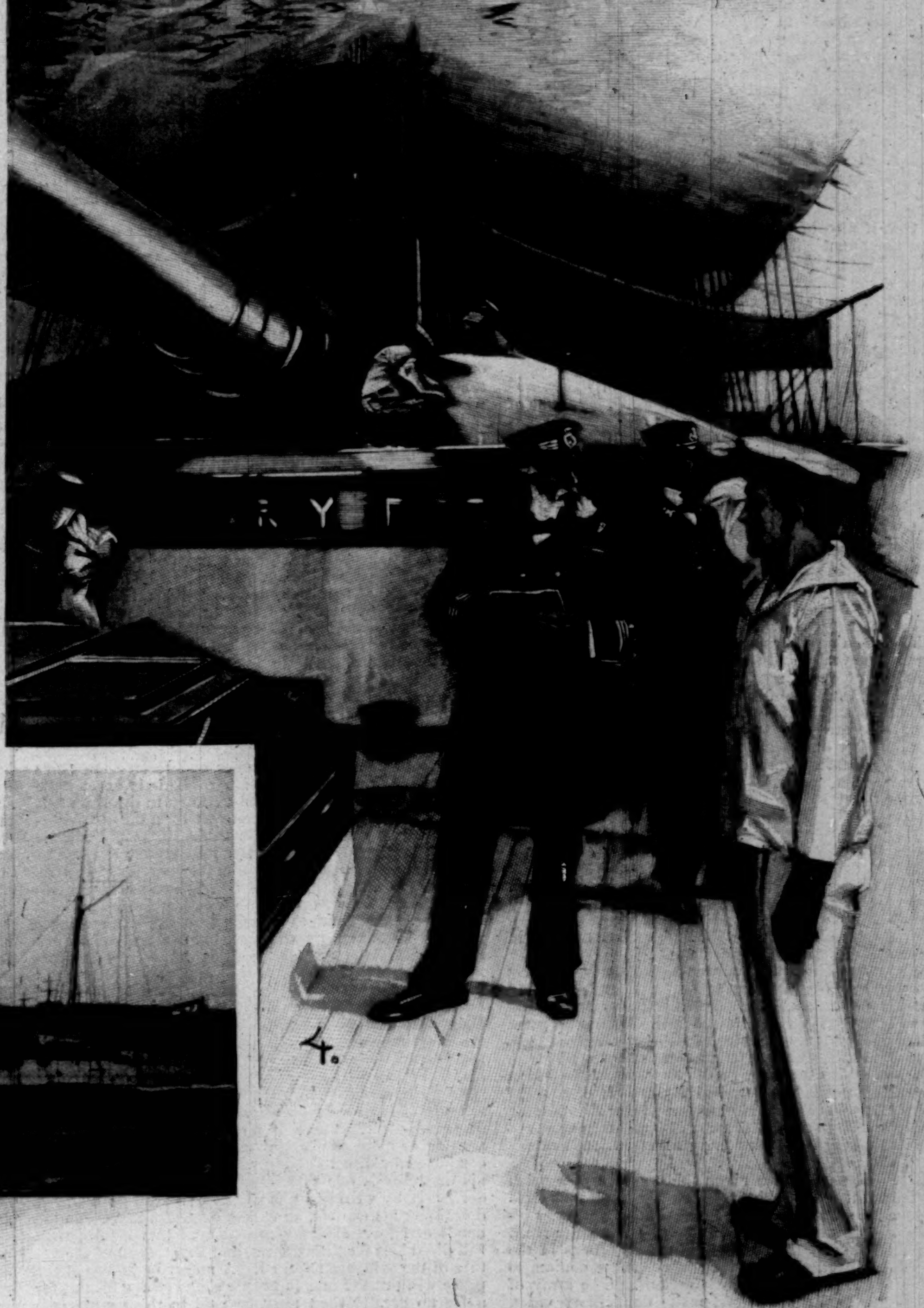


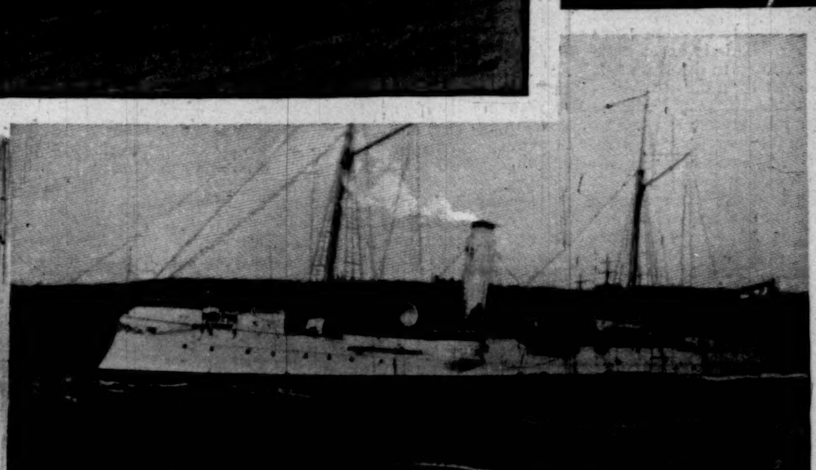
THE NAVY OF SPAIN.—Drawn by I

1. Serving a 6-pounder quick-firing Gun on Board a Spanish Gunboat. 2. Scene on the Quarter-deck of a Cruiser. 3. The "Pelayo" and "Emperad
6. Types of Spanish Officers and Sailors. 7. Cruiser "Navarra." 8. The "I









BY H. REUTERDAHL.—[SEE PAGE 238.]

perador Carlos V.," the most powerful Ships in the Spanish Navy. 4. The After-Barbette of the "Pelayo." 5. The Gunboat "Nueva España."
e "Infanta María Teresa." 9. The "Almirante Oquendo" leaving Cadiz.

FRAUDULENT PRACTICES OF PENSION-SHARKS; USELESSNESS OF PENSION-ATTORNEYS.

THE question of pension reform, in the interest of the deserving soldier and the public alike, has reached an acute stage. The great army of pension-attorneys has taken the field. At present both the executive and the legislative branches of the government are undergoing siege. The ammunition consists of letters, which are poured in by the mails from every section of the land. Heretofore, in such general uprisings of these attorneys, their artillery force has embraced many influential newspapers. There is great promise in the fact that to-day every journal of consequence in either party stands for the soldier and pension reform. This situation is not only the silencing of the enemy's artillery, but the turning of many guns upon his assaulting columns.

While deprived of artillery, the small-arms, firing letters, still make deadly work among public men. By every mail they are informed that the old soldiers are everywhere in revolt; that the soldier vote is being rapidly lost; that their district is fast going over to the enemy; that the feeling prevails that the new Commissioner of Pensions is unfriendly to the soldier; that they fared even better under the last administration, as they clearly see from the lists of pensions issued. To the discredit of far too many of those who receive letters of this character, they first lose courage, and then are stampeded by them. They communicate their fears to the President, and find that he is under a sharp fire of the same sort. They leave the floors of Congress, where they insist that high-water mark has been reached with pensions, and crowd the office of the Commissioner of Pensions to insist that the daily issue shall be decidedly increased to save their districts. And this in the face of the fact that the record of the last six months, to January 1, shows that original pensions are being granted at the rate of over fifty-two thousand a year, and increase at the rate of over thirty thousand annually.

When the government recognizes an army of over fifty thousand pension-attorneys, and turns the whole force loose to beat the bushes throughout the land, and in every corner of it, for new claimants, what ground can there be for any sane belief in the announcements at each successive session of Congress that the pension roll has reached the limit, and must now decrease? So long as the present laws and methods continue, not only will there be no diminution of the pension roll, but its marked increase is certain for years to come.

The size and composition of this body of so-called attorneys, as well as their methods, should have careful attention. Their numbers equal those of the Union army in some of the most notable engagements of the war.

While there are many honorable attorneys, who with their other practice include pension business, there are very few, if any, of those who deal exclusively in pensions who are not guilty of grave irregularities, or who do not fleece both the government and their clients. The records of the fraud files in the Pension Office show this, and show it, too, in most glaring lights. Within the last four years not less than fifteen thousand fraudulent cases have received the formal attention of the Law Division of the Pension Office. Congress could not do a better service than to call for the records of these cases and print them. This was done in 1884, when General Dudley was Commissioner of Pensions. It then required a volume of 1607 pages, called *Irregular Practices of Certain Attorneys*, to present the fraud cases then pending. Nearly every pension-claim agency in Washington was involved, and, as a result, scores of them were disbarred, and many of them were broken up. Such publication to-day would be equally startling, and of equal benefit to the soldier and the Pension Office.

The army of pension-attorneys is unquestionably a formidable body. It is controlled and directed by its unscrupulous members. These latter are its mouth-piece in addressing the soldiers and intimidating public men. Whenever the question of protecting soldiers against them arises, they gather in every community of the land, like the Ephesian silversmiths, to shield their craft from danger. They rally and shout without ceasing, from the assembling of every session of Congress to its close, "Great are all friends of the soldier!" But, as in the case of Demetrius and his fellow-craftsmen, there is now hope that all these are likely to be called in question for their uproar. Think of a body, largely of unscrupulous men, equal to the numbers on the Union firing-line in many of our great battles, active, alert, bent only on fees, carefully searching every soldier's home, or the homes of their heirs, for clients and victims—all under the nominal authority of the government—and posing with brazen ostentation as the only friends and protectors of the soldier against his "enemies." This army of over fifty thousand drummers for pensions of all classes is not without the sinews of war. In the last nine years it has received nearly $14,000,000 in regular fees, paid through the government. Besides, during all this time there has been active and successful foraging for irregular fees.

These hosts—chiefly of darkness—have never before been so thoroughly aroused as now. They see clearly that never has the need of concerted and desperate action been so great. The fact that the entire influential press is united against them is notice of a threatening and most serious condition which has not heretofore existed. The unanimous action favoring pension reform, of the Union Veteran Legion, made up exclusively as it is of fighting soldiers of two years' service, unless sooner disabled by wounds, sounds to this great army of foragers in veterans' homes like a long roll summoning all real friends of soldiers to action.

Among those who have given the question of pension reform careful study, the first, the most important, and the essential step is to abolish the pension-attorneys altogether. The next step should be to publish the rolls. The publication of the lists with these attorneys in the field would afford them and their countless drummers a guide to every pensioner in the land. The army of foragers for applicants would make domiciliary visits, and few would be the dwellings where they did not find some member who under liberal laws was entitled to a pension, either as principal, widow, minor, or dependent. When the pension roll was published in 1885, the dens of most of the pension-attorneys in Washington became as active as the business place of the Forty Thieves. Circulars which rung all the changes in cunning, plausibility, and rascality loaded the mails for weeks to their utmost limit. Under the liberal construction of the later laws the opportunity for a second profitable shearing of the nation's pensioners would be far greater than before. The army of attorneys should be mustered out—most of them in disgrace—and then the interests of honorable pensioners and of the public could be served by printing the rolls.

If any Senator or Representative in Congress is desirous of performing practical service of inestimable value to all soldiers, let him secure the passage of a resolution calling for copies of all the correspondence and orders in the Pension Office relating to irregular practices of pension-attorneys for the last five years. Congress and the country would be shocked into demands for abolishing these middle-men, and soldiers would be rescued from despoilers.

Every interest of the soldier and his family calls for the abolition of the present system of practice before the Pension Office. The argument for this change, when examined from every side of the question, is strong and conclusive.

In the first place, it surely could never have been the intention of the government, while making provisions of unparalleled liberality for its disabled veterans, to so hedge the way to securing that relief as to make it necessary for the veteran, his widow, or his child to resort to the aid of grasping claim-agents. This would have been to extend relief with one hand and clear the way for road-agents to prey upon it with the other. It is plain that this could not have been intended. It is as clear that no necessity for such aid exists. And yet almost from the first, and practically for many years, the procurement of the government's liberal gift to its soldiers has been altogether turned over to a class of men who, as a class, in spite of all honorable exceptions, are justly denominated pension-sharks.

The opportunities for securing rich harvests from the fields where a grateful government was lavishing its millions, even its hundreds of millions, were too great to escape the attention of the class which set themselves to squeeze all possible profit from the veterans. So the present order of pension-attorneys sprung up, and rapidly crowded a large proportion of reputable attorneys out of the business, by resorting to means which the latter would not employ. One of the worst features of the case is that this horde of ravagers everywhere plead their recognition by the government as sufficient evidence of respectable and honest standing.

It is a travesty upon everything relating to the practice of law to call this army of leeches attorneys. The large majority of them have little if any legal knowledge. They are admitted to practice under rules so lax that any sharp shyster can sufficiently comply with them to have his name enrolled upon the list of "recognized attorneys practising before the Pension Bureau." A large class of them are incapable of properly executing pension papers. It is now estimated at the Pension Office that ninety per cent. of the papers in the cases originating outside of Washington are not prepared by the attorneys, but are either in whole or in part the work of the notary or the justice of the peace who executes the papers. In many cases these local officials not only fill out the necessary blanks, but prepare the evidence and forward it to the so-called attorneys, whose sole part in the case is to act as middle-men, filing the papers in the Pension Office, and finally having the fee in successful cases handed over to them by the government out of the moneys due to the pensioner. Cases reach the Pension Office where the declarations and affidavits were not even reviewed by the attorneys, the claim being rushed in and entered as theirs, and then the burden of dealing with it in its tangled shape left with the Pension Office, calmly awaiting the time when, through intelligent work done there, the pension is allowed, and the fee falls to the attorney who has done little but wait. This little, however, like all the rest, is fleecing the applicant, by receiving and transmitting all calls for evidence, and at frequent intervals charging small sums for postage and stationery, and additional fees for extra services.

It seems strange that soldiers do not see that there is now absolutely no necessity for employing an attorney. All the great rural and farming communities of the land, where the veterans chiefly reside, have long been fiercely arrayed against those dealers and corporations that stand between them and the consumer and receive the lion's share of the proceeds of their labor. This is exactly the present relation of the pension-attorney to the claimant. He secures the case, files his contract for a fee of twenty-five dollars, turns the case over to the clerks and officials of the Pension Office to hammer into proper shape, and conduct to its close, and hand him his fee. In thousands of cases the only part played by attorneys is to receive and forward the correspondence between the government and the claimant, and, as is easily seen, this sole service is not only altogether unnecessary, but is a positive injury through the delays which it causes. The pension-attorney is the soldier's middle-man devouring his substance.

Since all the business of the Pension Office is conducted by correspondence, why should this not go direct to the claimant? Those who reside at a distance from Washington are impressed through plausible circulars with the idea that Washington attorneys enjoy some special facilities. Yet all of their dealings with the Pension Office are by letter, and in this respect their facilities are the same as if their letters were mailed from any other part of the country. There is no veteran fairly entitled to pension or increase whose case will not be more rapidly conducted by direct dealing with the Pension Office. If his disability is one that he or his family physician understands, by writing a plain letter to the Pension Office, describing his trouble, he will at once find himself in the hands of expert clerks, who will send him blanks, with full directions for filling them, and a statement of the nature of the evidence required. A notary or justice of the peace will put the case in proper shape on the blanks, for a fee no greater than must be paid to these same men after a pension-attorney has filled up the papers and presented the pensioner to execute them. Thereafter the claimant is in friendly hands, performing their work without thought of a fee, and with the sole purpose of dealing fairly by the claimant and the government.

But the work of the middle-man does not cease with the granting of a pension and the receipt of the twenty-five-dollar fee. Immediately a blank goes forward upon which to apply for increase, and generally this is accompanied with an inquiry if some new disability has not developed. The point of this is that a new disability, if established, carries with it another fee of twenty-five instead of the less payment of ten dollars for simple increase.

Very few cases which require the work of experts on pension laws are ever granted through the work of attorneys. Such cases are conducted throughout by the Pension Office, the attorney playing exactly the part of a letter-box in the transmission of mails. He gives no active assistance whatever. So far as he figures in the case at all, he delays it.

The fees from claimants for securing increases fall but little short, morally speaking, of obtaining money under false pretences, for here there is no necessity for any service from an attorney. The Pension Office furnishes blanks to applicants, orders a medical examination, and if the report of the surgeon be favorable, the increase is granted.

The frauds which taint the pension rolls are largely the work of the pension-attorneys. They mislead the claimant into unwittingly participating in the preparation of false papers and the presentation of false evidence. The methods of these frauds are legion. The moral responsibility, therefore, almost always rests upon the attorney, and not on the claimant.

The files of the bureau will show case after case of fraud perpetrated by attorneys, agents, or subagents, or persons connected with their offices, by means of false papers.

It is not too much to say that Congress is turned by these pension-attorneys into a corps of subordinate clerks and messengers to force forward their business in the Pension Office. Senators and members who hesitate about this are brazenly charged with hostility to soldiers. In a recent case an attorney, in berating a Representative who had declined to call up a case after the Commissioner of Pensions had made known how such calls deranged the regular business of the office, was informed that fifteen Senators and members of the House were calling up cases upon his request. In another case it was ascertained at the Pension Office that it had been called up by sixteen different Congressmen. This kind of work had become so burdensome as to require the services of two hundred clerks to perform it.

In a statement prepared in the Law Division it is asserted that ninety per cent. of the rejected claims are filed through attorneys or agents, and that the rejections arise from facts which any honest attorney could in most cases ascertain in advance. It is manifest that if claimants applied directly to the bureau for information they would be correctly informed, the law and the practice explained to them, and the expense of filing a great mass of testimony would not be incurred by them, and the time of hundreds of clerks now employed on these rejected claims be saved, and they could engage in the adjudication of claims of merit.

The argument for the abolition of pension-attorneys is strong and unanswerable at every point, and those who have the sole interest of the veterans and their heirs at heart cannot fail to support it. If Congress does not see fit to cut the evil up by the roots, it is likely that Commissioner Evans will find some means of purging his list of attorneys. Badly as the pension roll may need it, the attorney's roll is in far greater need.

In regard to the proposition to print the pension lists, it must be plain to every reflecting mind that the classes objecting to any scrutiny of the pension rolls embrace only those who fear the effect of publicity. These may be arranged, according to rank, in the following order—fraudulent pensioners, undeserving pensioners, dishonest pension-attorneys, demagogues of both parties, and, last of all, the usual contingent of timid souls among public men.

To pensioners of honorable service, and disabilities of any nature arising therefrom, the publication of the rolls would be a new proclamation of their patriotism, bringing them fresh congratulations and new honors. To the widows and orphans of such men publicity would excite renewed tenderness and respect. In short, to every deserving veteran and to every veteran's family the published list would be a roll of honor. But to those on the list through false declarations, supported by perjured affidavits; to those sought out and solicited by pension-sharks, and persuaded to apply by the countless forms of misrepresentation which these employ; to men of wealth; to men in easy circumstances, into whose minds a doubt concerning the continuance of comfortable living has never entered—to all these classes publicity would not bring honor, while to many of them it would and should cause shame.

The question of pension reform is one surrounded by many difficulties. Of these, the timidity created by the threats of pension-attorneys as to the soldier vote, and their whole talk when they falsely assume to speak for the soldier, constitute the chief obstacles. But this and all others would speedily disappear before a little just and courageous dealing with the question. The reforms must relate mainly to the future, and all true friends of the soldier, acting solely in his best interests, should call a speedy halt in present excesses and abuses. It is quite clear that if present methods and conditions continue long, there will be great danger of such radical action as shall work lasting injury to the soldier interest.

Of one thing both soldiers and the country may be sure—Commissioner Evans is the man for the contest. A private soldier himself, his sympathies for deserving soldiers are keen and steady. He is thoroughly conscientious, and while believing in all liberal things for deserving veterans, he abhors the professional old soldier who is in the contest for revenue only. He is courageous to the last degree, and he will not be found shrinking from any responsibility, or hesitating about any action which the battle now develops or may hereafter demand. He is not in office for revenue. He does not depend upon it for support. He accepted the place with knowledge of its requirements, and with determination fearlessly to perform its duties. Under such a Commissioner and leader pension reform is now possible. If it is not accomplished the responsibility will rest on other shoulders.

H. V. BOYNTON.

VI.—THE TRANSFORMED CATTLE INDUSTRY OF THE WEST.

NOT only was the year 1897 profitable to most of those engaged in the cattle industry in the West, but it served to fix what will probably be the permanent lines along which that industry will move and develop. The cattle industry of to-day is not what it was a dozen years ago, nor five years ago, nor even one year ago. It has been changing in its methods from year to year, but for the last half-dozen years has been gradually assuming a form of apparent permanency. That form means a development along the lines of least resistance, like all other enterprises. It means that the live-stock industry is concentrating gradually in what is known as the Missouri Valley. On the one hand the packing-houses are going there, and on the other hand the dealers in cattle and other animals for slaughter are bringing their animals into that region for final feeding preparatory to killing.

There is one good reason for this. It is in that region that the corn which gives flavor and weight and fat to live-stock is raised. It may not pay a farmer to raise corn for twelve or fifteen cents a bushel as corn, but if he can get thirty cents a bushel for his corn by transforming it into additional weight on cattle, it is a paying enterprise. The farmer can afford to pay transportation charges on thirty-cent corn in the form of live-stock.

The cattle are being brought to where the corn is grown, and the packers, the men who kill the animals for food, are going to the same place, for the simple reason that it costs less to ship meat dressed than on the hoof. If this concentration of the industry marks a distinct advantage to any one, it is to the farmer or the man who has a "small bunch" of cattle, say from fifty to two hundred, for sale year by year. It means that if other crops fail, his cattle crop will probably keep things moving in his business. This causes another decided step in diversified farming, a step necessary to the promotion of successful agriculture in the West. The lean years from 1892 to 1897 showed the desirability of keeping cattle, and thousands of farmers went into it as much for the sake of getting food for themselves and their families as in the hope of making money out of it.

Ten or fifteen years ago the great cattle trail from south to north and east of the Rocky Mountains was the scene of picturesque and profitable activity. Starting from northern Texas and contiguous territory, great droves of cattle, numbering thousands upon thousands, were driven over a domain that was as free as air and water to all, grazing as they went, and taking on flesh or losing it, until in the North the outreaching arms of the railroad were met. The cattle were then loaded into cars and shipped east, chiefly to Chicago, where they were killed. Civilization moved west rapidly, and the great cattle trail, with its thousands of cowboys and hundreds of thousands of cattle, disappeared as the era of reapers and hoes and other implements of agriculture took their places. The soothing songs of the cowboys, as they calmed the restless cattle, gave way to the harsh click and rattle of farm machinery. The cattle industry was obliged to change form and business methods.

Then came the days of direct shipment to Eastern stock-yards from the ranch where the cattle were produced. Nearly one-half of the cattle were killed at the stock-yards. The rest were consigned, on direct purchase or other business terms, to farmers who had corn and facilities to feed the stock, where they remained for several months, until they were fit to kill, when they were sent back to the stock-yards to become a food product. The farmer paid the freight both ways in this stock-yards operation. Later there came legislation allowing the cattle to be dropped off at stations on the way from ranch to stock-yards, and after being fattened for several weeks or months, to be reshipped to their final destination, the stock-yards, on the same bill of lading on which they started on their food-supplying journey to the eastward. This as much as any other agency has brought about a great revival in the industry.

It is within two or three years that the industry has taken the form it now has. Briefly stated, that form is the embodiment of the following facts: the best breeding-places for cattle are probably Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, Oklahoma, and the Indian Territory, where the climate is mild; the best grazing-places for cattle are Montana, Wyoming, western Kansas, and western Nebraska, the home of the native grasses on which the great herds of buffalo used to graze; the best feeding or fattening places for cattle are eastern Kansas, eastern Nebraska, Missouri, and Iowa, where the corn that ripens them is grown; the best killing-places for cattle are nearest the feeding-places, where the finishing process in food preparation is put on, providing freight facilities are adequate.

In a broad way this movement in the cattle industry is now followed. Vast herds are produced in the warmer regions to the south of the Middle West. After reaching a suitable age they are sent to the great grazing-grounds in the Middle West—grounds apparently designed by nature for this purpose. When they reach the age for killing they are forwarded again to feeding-stations, most of which are within 200 miles of the packing-houses, and after a stay there to acquire flavor, weight, and fat, they are slaughtered near the stock-yards. The great trains of cattle that followed the disuse of the cattle trail are being duplicated to-day, but in a different way. They are used to transport the cattle to the grazing-grounds. I met a stock-man in Kansas who had made, in 1897, no less than six round trips to Oregon, where he purchased native cattle, and, in special trains, had sent them into Wyoming on the range. Hundreds of such special trains went speeding over plain and mountain in 1897, as they had been doing for several years, and as they will continue to do for many years to come.

The statistics of the year show that 295,000 cattle were brought into this country from old Mexico in response to this movement, and an estimate has been made by the cattle experts at Kansas City that in the same year, 1897, no less than 925,000 cattle were brought into Kansas to go upon the grazing-grounds or to be fed for killing. A Dodge City correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* told, in an article published in the middle of December last, of the trip of a wealthy young Kansan to Texas to buy cattle to place upon the range. He took a cowboy band to Fort Worth in a special Pullman car decorated with cattle horns and banners. He bought 45,000 cattle. His band paraded the streets and made music typical of the return of good times. The correspondent added,

"Ten trains brought the first instalment of the herd northward, and the animals are now eating Kansas grass."

This movement takes place in great magnitude when the national quarantine is lifted. One of the officials of the Sante Fe Railroad in Topeka told me that in the first seven days after the quarantine was lifted that railroad alone brought into Kansas no less than 35,000 head of cattle, and that the other railroads brought in about the same number. These cattle were distributed in all parts of the State.

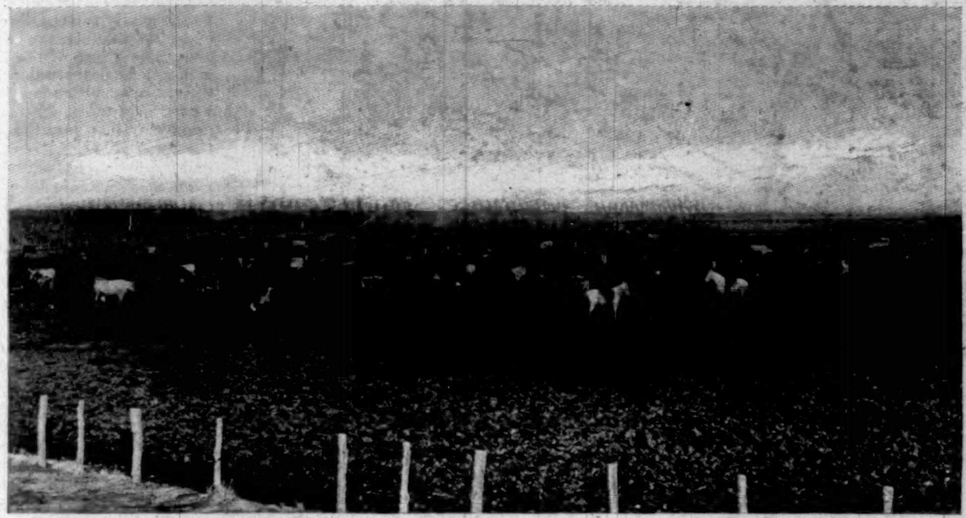
So much for the general movement that takes place in the industry. Last year was what is known as a producers' year. For some reason there was a scarcity of cattle of a suitable age for killing. One theory advanced for this was that during the hard times Kansas and Nebraska farmers sold off most of their cattle to get a little money for the home. Another was that there had been so little profit in the industry that the stock, or supply, had diminished by a sort of general consent. At any rate, when the year opened prices began to go up. In a general way it may be said that where producers received $4 a hundred in 1896 they got $5 a hundred in 1897. Cattle that were intended for feeding rose in value from, say, $18 to $25 a head. The failure the year before of the corn crops in Iowa and Nebraska had thinned out the feeders in those States, and the crop failures in western Kansas, with the diminishing population and increasing indebtedness, brought about new conditions there. The farmers, or the men with hoes, as it has been put, had left the country. The lack of water in streams and the droughts had made agriculture, as carried on in other places, a failure. It seemed as if nature, driven to impatience, had shaken the settlers and sent them out as invaders in a territory that, of all others in our great country was fitted for the grazing of cattle. It requires from ten to fifteen acres of the short native bunch-grass to supply food for one steer.

Western Kansas is not a place for corn or wheat. Take some of the counties in that country, and examine the population statistics. Haskell County in 1888 had a population of 2666; in 1894 the population was 831. Grant County in 1880 had a population of 3000; in 1894 its people numbered 771. Morton County's population in 1888 was 2618; in 1894 it was 457. The same thing was true of a dozen other counties, as big as some States. In six of these western counties in 1894 the population amounted to only 4454, and there was a municipal indebtedness there of $967,949, or a per capita indebtedness of $212, an "achievement," as State-Statistician J. M. McFarland, of the Department of Agriculture in Washington, remarks, "without parallel in the history of the race since municipal bonds and scrip were first issued and sold." In one county, Mr. McFarland says, the "rate of taxation on the selling value of the land" was 33.2 per cent. He then adds:

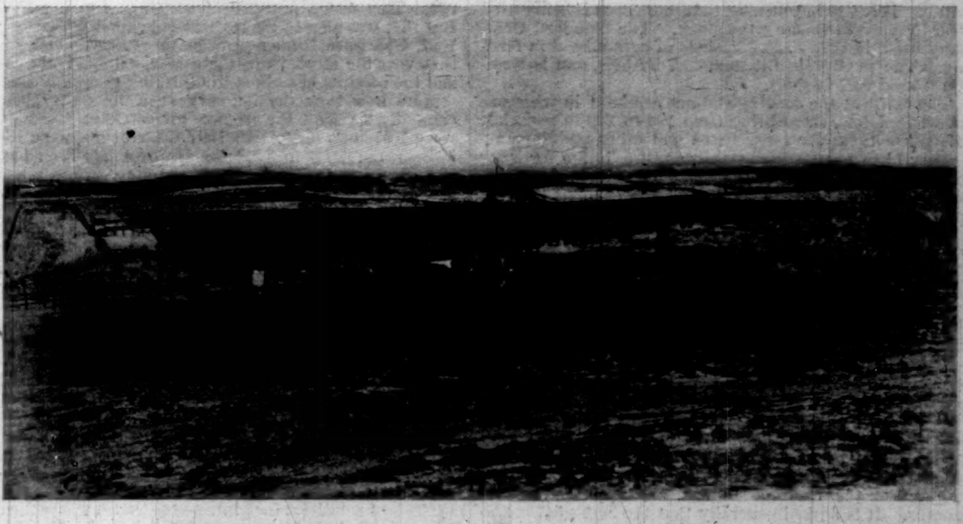
"Fifty years ago this region was a portion of the great pasture-field of the buffalo. The buffalo has entirely disappeared, but the land remains very much in the same condition as the buffalo left it. Under present conditions it was never intended for anything else than what it has been used for for ages—a pasture for cattle. A great portion of it can never be used for anything else, under any conditions that can be brought about. On those portions where artificial irrigation can be established, a different destiny awaits the land."

Ex-Governor Glick of Kansas is on record as saying: "Neither the prairies nor the pastures [of Kansas] are yet crowded with cattle. Their numbers can be increased tenfold and there will be no overstocking."

It was the recognition of the fact that western Kansas was destined to be used for cattle-ranging that inspired the Legislature of that State to require owners of property there to fill up abandoned wells, mines, and other excavations, so that cattle might not suffer injury as they roamed about without regard to the ownership of the land. In case the owner neglected to fill up these holes in the ground the county commissioners were authorized to do it, and the expense was placed on the county books as a lien on the property. It was an official recognition, so to



A SMALL PASTURE FEED LOT, NEBRASKA.



HERD OF 1800 FAT CATTLE—FED NEAR MANHATTAN, KANSAS—AVERAGE WEIGHT, 1835 POUNDS.

speak, of the further fact that a lesson had been learned from nature. Providence had placed the buffalo and prairie-chicken on that land, and western Kansas now understands what nature was teaching.

Nor did the range cattle-men alone learn the lesson of adapting enterprises to nature's requirements. The small farmer on the border of the short-grass country found that while other crops might fail, he could raise cattle every year. He could also raise sufficient grain, even in bad years, to feed those cattle until the time came to ship them to the stock-yards. He discovered that alfalfa and Kaffir corn would withstand droughts, and he began to raise both of those crops. As a result, many a man has had prosperity's blessing in the past year. It is a fair estimate that every farmer who bought cattle to fatten and then to sell made fully ten dollars a head last year. On sheep the profit was not less than one dollar a head. These figures are given to me not by experts at stock-yards, but by at least a dozen farmers with whom I talked in Kansas and Nebraska. Not every man who went into feeding stock made money out of it, but those who understood it, those who used scientific methods and did not neglect the hygiene involved, cleared a handsome profit. All over the Middle West there were small bunches of cattle on farms, and it was these bunches that helped materially in the return of prosperity.

Although the year was profitable to those who produced cattle, it was not so profitable to those who made a business exclusively of feeding them. Nevertheless, it was a paying year for that branch of the industry. Prices were steady throughout the year, except at the end, when there was a sharp drop of fifty cents a hundred-weight. The *Stockman* of South Omaha says that "it is extremely doubtful whether cattlemen ever had a more satisfactory year than in 1897." The *Drover's Telegram* of Kansas City says "the year will go into history as the greatest the industry ever experienced."

The feeding-stations are most interesting places. The cattle are brought there and put on grain, and cared for with every requirement as to sanitation and hygiene. They are stuffed scientifically, so that on an average they gain from a pound to a pound and one-half a day. One of these stations is kept by the Standard Cattle Company at Ames, Nebraska, pictures of whose plant are printed herewith. In 1896-7 the number of cattle marketed by this company was 5454. The number of days on which the cattle were fed was 215. The average weight of cattle when received was 1066 pounds, and when fattened for market was 1304—a gain of 238 pounds, or only a little more than a pound a day.

If the cattle-feeders made money this year it was due probably to the reduced cost in the feeding. According to the tables of the Standard Company, the cost per head of feeding cattle for the season 1894-5 was $27 34 for 152 days. For the season 1895-6 it was $17 74. For the season 1896-7 it was only $15 07 for 215 days. That is the lowest cost which that company has experienced in feeding cattle in ten years. In 1890-1 it cost $32 29 a head to feed cattle. The reduced cost last year was due to the large crop of corn that Nebraska raised, and the reduced price of all kinds of grain that were used in feeding the cattle. It is significant, also, that more corn is being used year by year in feeding the stock. The Standard Company used, in 1894-5, 28.3 bushels of corn a head in feeding. The next season it used 40.7 bushels, and last season it used 69.1 bushels.

The cattle at the feeding-stations are kept in what are called feed lots, there being from 150 to 200 in each lot. Of course there are large barns and other buildings necessary for a plant such as this, and the outgo for labor and feed, whether the feed is raised on the feeding-station or purchased, is enormous. The margin of profit is small, and were it not for the fact that the hog-feeding industry is practically part of the cattle-feeding industry, it is doubtful if it would pay to lock up a large amount of capital in the business. Although it costs on an average only from fifty to seventy-five cents a year to keep cattle on the range, it requires capital to operate a feeding-plant, where the cost for seven months, even in the cheap year of 1897, was more than $15 a head.

The necessity of having feeding-stations, or of feeding cattle with grain instead of selling them as they come direct from the range or pasture-field, is shown by the fact that probably not 50 per cent. of range cattle are fit to enter directly into beef consumption. The cattle are kept on the range while they are growing. Soon after they reach the age of two years or a little more they are brought to the feeding-stations, and kept for several months. It is agreed generally that the best age for killing is about three years; for then what is known as the "sap" in cattle is running freely, and the flavor is most attractive.

The extent to which this feeding is carried on is shown by the fact that Texas was practically stripped of calves and yearlings last year. The buyers had to pay for calves that formerly were thrown in with the mothers. Although the increase in the number of cattle at the four largest markets in the country was only 277,189 head, the increase in the number of cattle sent from the stock-yards in Omaha to feeding-stations was no less than 172,000. The increase in cattle sent to such stations from Kansas City was 162,000. These figures make a significant showing. They prove that although the receipts of cattle at the various stock-yards were greater than in 1896 there were fewer cattle killed for meat consumption.

Mention has been made of the fact that the tendency of the packers is to move toward the West and near to the feeding-grounds. The receipts of live-stock at the various centres of the industry show that. It is within the memory of even young persons when Cincinnati was the centre of the hog industry of the country. That centre was moved to Chicago, where it still remains, killing more than all the other centres combined. The same thing is true as to the killings in the sheep industry, but it is not true as to cattle. Year after year, in the matter of packing sheep and hogs, Chicago's industry has grown steadily and normally. Not in ten years, however, has that city had any decided increase in the cattle industry. In 1888 the number of cattle received at the stock-yards in Chicago was 2,611,543. In 1897 the number was 2,554,-924. That was a decrease of 60,000 in round numbers. But that was a small decrease as compared with the year 1892, Chicago's banner year in the cattle industry. In that year the stock-yards there received 3,571,796 cattle, and the receipts have been diminishing gradually since.

Note now how the industry at Kansas City has increased. In 1888 the receipts of cattle at Kansas City were 1,056,086 head. In 1897 the receipts were 1,817,-526. From 1888 to 1897 the increase has been normal and steady, only once, in 1891, dropping seriously behind the figures of the previous year. That was a loss of 200,-000. Omaha has a similar story to tell. The receipts of cattle in Omaha in 1888 were 355,923. In 1897 they were 810,945, and the increase, like that at Kansas City, was steady and almost constant. St. Louis has a similar story to tell. The receipts of cattle in that city in 1888 were 453,918. In 1897 the receipts were 787,678, a steady rise marking the increase. These figures show that in cattle at least the trend of business is straight toward the Middle West. The big packing establishments are enlarging their scope constantly, especially in the Missouri Valley. Within a few months a big establishment has been started at Sioux City, Iowa, the place that probably suffered most in all the boom wrecks in the United States. There are tremendous establishments at St. Joseph and other places, and the tendency unmistakably is toward concentration, toward the places where the cattle are in the best condition for killing—the States where the corn is grown and the feeding-stations abound. The reason why Chicago has probably held its own in sheep and hogs is that it is easier to ship them than cattle, and therefore the establishment of new plants is a matter of longer growth.

We are now ready to consider some of the figures showing the business of the year in live-stock and cattle, especially in Kansas City and Omaha, as illustrating the share in the prosperity it had in those States. It was the most prosperous year that Kansas City has ever had in live-stock. The increase in valuation in the receipts there was $7,118,305. The increase in the number of head of stock received was 972,754. There was a gain in the number of cattle received of 102,994, and of hogs the tremendous gain of 745,000. The sheep increased in number 141,110. The price per head of cattle was $42, against $45 the year before. Prices of hogs dropped from $8 a head to $7 50. Sheep also dropped a dollar a head. Nevertheless, the year was regarded as the most profitable in the history of the industry. The receipts of cattle were not so large as in 1890, 1892, 1893, 1894, and the prices were not as high as in some years, yet the profits were larger to the raiser of cattle, and also to the feeder of cattle, owing probably to the fact that the industry had run down, and revived in magnitude with the general revival of business.

Omaha showed a record of profit and increase in business similar to that of Kansas City. The increase in cattle there amounted to 224,371, in hogs to 394,611, and in sheep to 269,155. Of the increase in cattle only about 70,000 had their origin in the State. That share of the increase was worth nearly three millions of dollars to Nebraska raisers. The value of the increase in cattle, considering the entire number received, was nearly ten millions of dollars. The increase in the total value of the other kinds of live-stock was even more notable than in cattle, and all this tells a story of prosperity to the farmers and others of that State, entirely independent of the prosperity that came through the grain crops. It is noteworthy also, in considering the statistics of the year, that in sheep Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, and Kansas City each had a banner year, the receipts being the largest in the history of the stock-yards at those places. In hogs Kansas City and St. Louis broke the records, Omaha's largest year having been 1894, and Chicago's having been 1891. In cattle Kansas City alone broke the record as to receipts, St. Louis's record year having been 1896; Omaha's, 1893; Chicago's, 1892. Kansas City, therefore, had a record-breaking year in sheep, hogs, and cattle. Chicago had one in sheep, Omaha had one in sheep, and St. Louis had one in sheep and hogs.

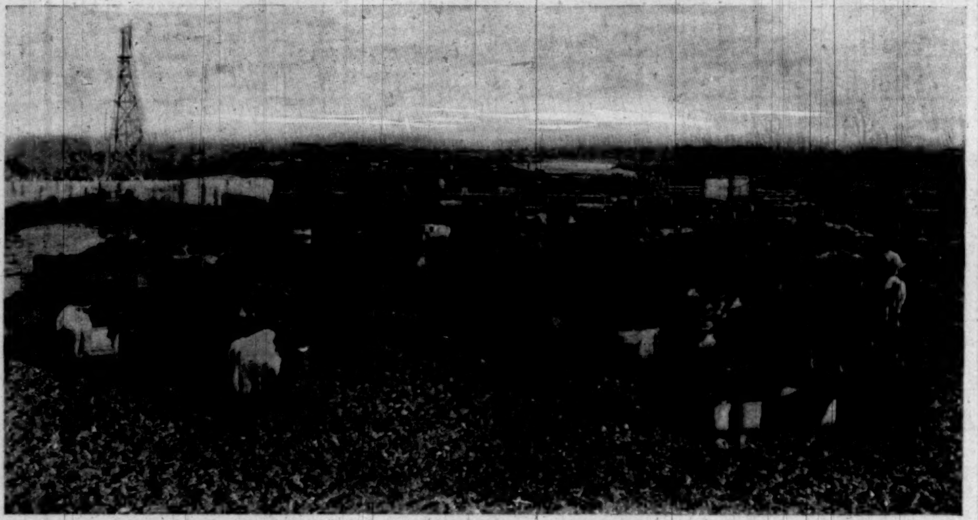
As to the prospects for the present year, I am at liberty to quote the following, from the manager of one of the biggest cattle companies in the West, in a letter to me, dated January 5, 1898:

"It appears that the idea which prevailed a month ago that a very excessive number of cattle were on feed for early slaughter is probably not true, and that the number on feed is not much, if any, larger than last year. It is also probable that all the fat cattle sold between now and July 1—probably a million to a million and a half head—will not weigh as much as last year, or, at any rate, as much as for the two years preceding that. The demand promises to be so good that the outcome of the season to cattle-feeders promises to be better than was feared a few weeks ago. The price of feeders—that is, cattle to be fed—last fall was extremely high, because of a scarcity of the cattle themselves in the corn States, and from the very active demand caused by a surplus of corn left from the crop of '96 and a large crop for '97, and the low price of corn. It appeared very likely that farmers would make heavy losses in feeding, especially large numbers of farmers new at the business. At present the outlook is better, and although there may not be much profit in feeding to many feeders, it is hoped that the price of fat cattle will be high enough to prevent loss."

A connoisseur in beef can tell at once whether he is eating corn-fed or grass-fed meat.

The difference is that corn-fed beef is smoother, richer, and better in flavor to such an extent that it is worth at least one dollar a hundred more than the grass-fed article. And that dollar a hundred-weight represents the corn crop of the Middle West turned into beef, and is responsible for the feeding-stations, the movement of the packers toward the feeding-grounds, and the stoppage of trains laden with cattle on their way East, so that the cattle may be taken off, fattened, and started on again on their journey to the kitchens of the people—a stoppage that has revived the industry, brought money to farmers and cattle-men and dividends to railroads. The cattle industry seems now to be on an enduring basis, especially as to business methods.

BARNS, GRAIN-ELEVATOR, AND FARM-BUILDINGS.



THREE FEED LOTS IN A ROW.

A CATTLE-FEEDING STATION AT AMES, NEBRASKA.

SPANISH BATTLE-SHIP "VIZCAYA" IN NEW YORK HARBOR.—DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL.

THE DRAMA.

DURING the second week of her engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Madame Modjeska appeared as *Camille*, as *Magda*, as *Isabella* in "Measure for Measure," and as *Lady Macbeth*. Her best work, oddly enough, was done in the plays by those typical exponents of the romantic and the realistic schools of the drama, the younger Dumas and Sudermann. No character could be more false and more weakly sentimental than *Camille*; yet Madame Modjeska's art, though keeping faithful to the dramatist's ideal, made the woman seem not only sympathetic, but real. Miss Olga Nethersole, rising superior to Dumas, gave us a realistic *Camille*, that sacrificed to theatrical effect every consideration of artistic fairness and decency. To Miss Nethersole, and to all actresses who believe that they must work unceasingly for "points," Madame Modjeska's *Camille* would furnish a most valuable object-lesson. You think of it not as particularly strong in this place or in that place, but as a complete and absolutely satisfying characterization, exquisitely fine, without an inconsistency or a flaw. And yet this *Camille* does not cough once! In passing from Dumas to Sudermann's heroine, Madame Modjeska gave most delightful evidence of her versatility, and of her absolute acquiescence in the dramatist's intent. Her *Magda* was vivid, alert, erratic, bitter and tender, melancholy and harshly mirthful, with always the suggestion of invincible determination as the basis of the character. In lovely contrast with this impersonation was her *Isabella*—one of the gentlest and most sympathetic of Shakespeare's heroines, too rarely seen on the modern stage. In looks, speech, and bearing, Madame Modjeska fully realized the character, and moved amid her sordid surroundings like a spiritual presence. Her delivery of the exquisite poetry of *Isabella's* speeches gave them exactly the right interpretation. How simple it all seemed in listening to her—and how inimitable! To pass from a successful *Isabella* to *Lady Macbeth* represented a hazardous undertaking even for a great actress. The possession of the qualities needed to realize *Isabella* would apparently debar a player from impersonating the least feminine of Shakespeare's women. And yet we have no reason to believe that, in her physical attributes, *Lady Macbeth* was less feminine than the gentlest-hearted of her sex, and before Madame Modjeska first appeared in the part several actresses had shown that the character could be made effective without being made robust. Madame Modjeska emphasized the woman without sacrificing the tremendous reality of the woman's ambition. In the more intense passages, moreover, without displaying great power, she produced a strong impression by her fervor and exaltation. In her scenes with *Macbeth* she acted with extraordinary restraint, never hesitating to subordinate herself where the dramatist had put forward the husband as the central figure. Her sleep-walking scene was free from the least suggestion of theatrical device, and presented a picture of profound anguish and despair. Throughout her impersonation, however, it was astonishing to observe that Madame Modjeska made several misreadings of the text. For example, in the lines

> . . . wouldst not play *false*,
> And yet wouldst wrongly *win*. . . .

she emphasized the word *play*. This reading might be defended if the verse did not give absolute support to the simpler interpretation. Then, too, in the line

> Letting I *dare* not, wait upon I would,

the emphasis was placed upon *not*, the verse again making the natural reading imperative. In spite of such blemishes, however, Madame Modjeska's *Lady Macbeth*, though it does not deserve to be placed among her best rôles, is still a very noble and inspiring characterization.

It seemed a pity that Madame Modjeska's appearances should all have been made under the depressing conditions of grotesque stage settings and inadequate support. Indeed, these come very near wrecking the production of "Measure for Measure," in which the company was seen at its worst. Perhaps it should be said in its defence that the piece had evidently been given insufficient rehearsals. Two of the actors deserve to be mentioned for their earnest work—Mr. Joseph Haworth and Miss Grace Fisher. Ten years ago Mr. Haworth was the most promising of the younger men on our stage. He had serious faults of delivery and of method, and these unfortunately have not been corrected. He has failed, moreover, to acquire ease and style. His best work was done as the old *General* in "Magda"—though even here he displayed his monotonous and theatrical delivery—and as *Macbeth*, which he played with splendid vigor. Miss Fisher is a young woman who has not yet learned to try to improve on nature. If she can remain on the stage and keep her present simplicity and naturalness she will make a most delightful actress. She appeared to particular advantage as the *ingénue* in "Magda."

At the Garden Theatre Mr. Henry Miller has won success with a new play, "The Master," by G. Stuart Ogilvie, an English dramatist almost unknown in this country, and known in England as the author of "Hypatia," produced in London several seasons ago by Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree. Without being in any way remarkable, "The Master" is a clean, wholesome, and well-constructed comedy. It tells the simple story of a father whose affection for his two children does not keep him from driving them from home by his tyranny. The daughter, after refusing to engage herself to the cad whom her father has chosen for her, marries the man she loves; and the son, hating his father's business, for which he has no aptitude, joins the army, and wins immediate glory. In the end the cad nearly ruins the old gentleman, and the family is auspiciously reunited. We all know the story, and we have usually seen it exploited with maudlin pathos. It is to Mr. Ogilvie's credit that he has infused it with refreshing sentiment. The characters are distinctly and cleverly drawn, and the dialogue, without being brilliant, gives the impression of spontaneity. There is a flaw in the climax, where the reunited family look down on the soldiering brother, returned from the wars covered with honor. The hero failed to complete the group, much to the disappointment of the audience. He ought to be allowed to present himself. He could easily break away from the ranks for a few moments.

As *Thomas Faber*, "the master," Mr. Miller had a part that gave him a chance to exploit his abilities as a character actor. He appeared in a make-up strongly suggesting a familiar photograph of Thackeray, and he played with fine vigor and discretion. Mr. Miller has so many gifts as an actor—intelligence, a good presence, a superb voice, and skill in characterization—that it is hard to understand how he has allowed himself to fall into his vexatious habit of intoning his lines. In his present part he has several long speeches, and as he delivered them they sounded like operatic solos. He evidently likes to hear the effect he produces in this way, as so many misguided contralto singers like their "rich" throaty tones. He ought to make a desperate effort to correct that habit. The company gave excellent support, Miss Laura Clement, formerly a comic-opera prima donna, playing the part of an old servant notably well.

At Wallack's Theatre Mr. John Drew is appearing in a new piece by H. V. Esmond, called "One Summer's Day." To the plot, which is old and melodramatic, Mr. Esmond has tried, with some success, to impart the semblance of freshness by original treatment. The hero is one of those ridiculous young men (he has passed his thirty-eighth birthday, but he keeps the ideals of his early youth) whose high and mighty notions of chivalry cause them to inflict wholly unnecessary burdens upon themselves, and to make other people gratuitously unhappy. Why in the world should Mr. Esmond's paragon of the virtues have placed himself in a most awkward position by pretending that he was the father of his dead brother's child, born in a quixotic marriage with a gypsy? As no satisfactory explanation is given, we have to accept the development of the comedy on faith. The hero's chivalry nearly costs him his bride, but it also creates several love scenes between Mr. Drew and Miss Isabel Irving, which are very prettily played. This comedy, in spite of the cleverness with which the last two acts are handled, is an altogether unworthy medium for the talents of the best light comedian that we have in this country.

The Japanese musical comedy "Lilli Tse," presented by Mr. Augustin Daly in conjunction with "The Country Girl," which has won a deserved success, is a charming bit of poetry set to graceful music. The book has been adapted from the German of Wolfgang Kirchback by Sidney Rosenfeld, and the music is by Frank Curti. Mr. Daly has staged most beautifully the little Japanese village in which the action passes, and it realizes for us at once the ideal atmosphere of the land of flowers. Mr. Frank Rushworth gave a careful rendering of the youth *Kiki Tsum*, who discovers a mirror and thinks it is a youthful picture of his dead father, and Miss Marguerite Lemon acted cleverly and sang effectively as his betrothed, who steals the mirror from him, and finds in it the likeness of her rival in *Kiki's* affections.

At one of the music-halls Miss Minnie Seligman, an actress of good abilities, has revived one of the best plays produced by an English dramatist during the past quarter-century. "Comedy and Tragedy" was written a dozen years ago by W. S. Gilbert for Miss Mary Anderson, who played it here with that admirable English actor Mr. Forbes Robertson. It has since been revived in New York by Miss Julia Neilson, who gave an utterly incompetent impersonation of the leading rôle, *Clarice*. Miss Seligman played the part with a great deal of cleverness, but to bring out all that there is in it an actress would need to possess the abilities of Madame Sarah Bernhardt. It has been suggested that the piece be translated for Madame Bernhardt, and it is to be hoped that some one may be persuaded to offer her a French version. She is the one living actress who is exactly suited to it. *Clarice* is called upon to simulate nearly all the great passions, and in the character Madame Bernhardt would be magnificent.

"Way Down East," a rural comedy, written by Lottie Blair Parker, and revised by Joseph Grismer, contains some good and some very poor material. The author tried to be faithful to homely American life, but, in spite of herself, she fell into those caricatures and conventional misrepresentations of life so familiar on our stage. Still, the work shows promise. It was very well acted by a company that included Mr. Odell Williams, an excellent interpreter of character, Miss Phœbe Davies, and Miss Minnie Dupree.

JOHN D. BARRY.

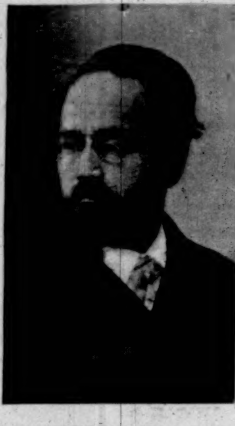
LIFE AND THE ARTIST.

LIFE said to the Artist: Tell my dream,
That man may know me loftier than I seem,—
Not only kin and servitor to the clod,
But the veiled oracle of the Thought of God.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE ZOLA-DREYFUS TRIAL.

When M. Labori, the defender of Zola, addressing the jury, exclaimed, "There is no name more abhorred in history than that of Pontius Pilate," a voice from the audience cried out, "After that of Judas!" It is clear that in this affair of the revision of the Dreyfus trial the promoters, and Zola, who assisted them and bore the brunt of the battle, had something more in view than the liberation of the ex-captain, about whose innocence many of the advocates of the revision were not absolutely convinced. They proclaimed, at least, that their object was much above that. They claimed to fight for principles; they said that the Dreyfus affair was quite a secondary one, and mainly an occasion to defend the rights of every citizen trampled upon by the so-called "*raison d'état.*" It is such declarations which brought to the partisans of the revision the support of the thinking people and liberals in every nation. From Belgium the Socialist Deputies in the Chamber, with only the exception of Citizen Destrée, signed an address to the French people and to Zola, in which they said that they "made ardent vows, so that republican France should remain faithful under the present circumstances, which impassion all free peoples, to the principles of the French Revolution." In France many addresses were also sent to Zola, signed by men belonging to what are called the "liberal professions"—that is, those of medicine, art, law, teaching, etc. These addresses were known as those of "the intellectuals," as in opposition to the popular masses of peasants and middle-class men, who were in favor of the government and the army. The aim of the campaign was therefore laudable; but it was not well conducted, and it looked too much as if it were directed exclusively against the chiefs of the army, and in the personal interest of Dreyfus. The French government was too glad to follow in the wake of those tactics, and to insist that Zola and his friends were the enemies of France, of her military and judicial institutions—all this merely in order to defend a private individual already sentenced for national treason. The whole question at issue was thus belittled and so presented to the jury, who, instead of seeing in Zola's prosecution an attempt to curtail the rights of all citizens appearing before courts of justice or courts martial, were incited to see only the pretended attacks of the great novelist against the army. Still, Zola correctly understood the situation when addressing in his pamphlet those who affected to consider the army as being menaced and endangered when somebody speaks of the rights of justice: "It is not the army which is in question; it is the 'sabre,' the broadsword, the master which may be given to us to-morrow." M. Jaurès, the Socialist Deputy, also said in the Chamber, when asking for the revision of the Dreyfus case, "They are about surrendering and betraying the republic to the generals." The President, or Speaker, of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Brisson, a veteran Conservative Republican, was himself afraid of the influential omnipotence assumed by some chiefs of the army in regard to the Dreyfus affair, and he said, "You can hear, you can read the appeals, more or less direct, for a dictatorship."



EMILE ZOLA.

CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

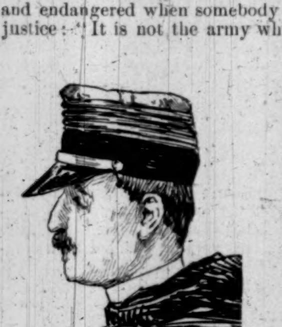
MAJOR ESTERHAZY.

GENERAL BOISDEFFRE.

GENERAL DE PELLIEUX.

This is the fear which haunts the minds of the sincere French Republicans since 1894—date of the secret trial of Captain Dreyfus. He was sentenced then, in December, as guilty of having furnished to a foreign government military documents relative to national defence, and sent for life to Devil's Island—a barren rock off the coast of French Guiana. Three years later—that is, in the summer of 1897—an agitation was begun in order to obtain a revision of the Dreyfus trial. The whole press in France teemed with discussions on the subject, and debates took place frequently in the Senate and the Chamber. The most eminent men of France participated in those discussions, either pro or con the revision. Those in favor of it argued that Dreyfus had been condemned by a court martial sitting "*à huis clos*"—that is, with closed doors—and, moreover, that some documents had been submitted to his judges without having been communicated to him or to his lawyer, M. Demange. The latter fact especially was decidedly in violation of the judicial privileges accorded by law to every accused party, no matter in what court he might be brought. For some months the government answered in its newspapers, official and semi-official, and in the Chambers through the mouth of its Ministers of State and of War, that Dreyfus was lawfully sentenced, and that the secret documents communicated to the court martial could not have been shown to him or his lawyer, and could not, either, be exhibited to any of his present defenders, because those documents implicated a foreign government, and their being made public would endanger the safety of France. It was therefore impossible to reopen the case of Dreyfus, inasmuch as he had been condemned upon the testimony of twenty-seven of his fellow-officers, and by the unanimous verdict of the seven members of the court martial. One of them is said to have been an Israelite himself. The government was supported in its refusal to revise the trial by several votes of the Chamber and of the Senate. Meanwhile, and in order to show its impartiality, it had brought before a court martial Commandant Esterhazy, who was accused by Mathieu Dreyfus, a brother of the ex-captain, and by others, of being the real author of documents surrendered to a foreign government, and for the delivery of which Dreyfus had been sentenced to prison for life. Commandant Esterhazy was acquitted by the court martial, some sittings of which were held with closed doors.

It is at this point that Zola's intervention occurred. He published in the Paris paper *L'Aurore*, recently founded by Clemenceau, the well-known ex-leader of the Republican Left in the Chamber, an open letter to President Félix Faure, accusing the government and the military chiefs of violating the judicial rights guaranteed by the constitution to all French citizens. He said, among other things: "A court martial has just dared to acquit, by order, Esterhazy, which is a supreme slap given to truth and justice. And this is the end; France has that stain upon her face. History will write that such a social crime has been committed under your Presidency." Then speaking of the court martial which had sentenced Dreyfus, he said: "That court martial might have been unintelligent; that of Esterhazy is forcibly criminal. I accuse the second court martial of having covered that illegality, by order, in committing in its turn the judicial crime consciously to acquit a criminal." Those are the words upon which was based the indictment of Zola, who appeared before the civil Court of Assizes, in Paris, on February 7, and was sentenced on the 23d, to one year's imprisonment and 3000 francs, or $600, damages. Every day during the trial not only the court and its neighborhood, but all Paris itself was disturbed by noisy manifestations, which were related at great length by the daily cable despatches. Zola was often threatened to be thrown into the river Seine, when he left the Palace of Justice, by the people, who believed the charges brought against him by the government prosecutor. Unfortunately, some foolish partisans of Dreyfus happened occasionally to add to their cries of "Long live Zola!" that of "Down with France!"



COLONEL PICQUART.

MAITRE LABORI.
Zola's Counsel.

That reminded the hearers that during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 the great novelist, who was only thirty years of age, did not enlist for military or national guard service, but took refuge at Marseilles; and also that he wrote about that very same war, *La Débâcle*, a book quite unfavorable to the French army of that time. Émile Zola has displayed great civic courage in his campaign against the draconian habits of courts martial; but it may be admitted that he was not perhaps the best champion to be used against the abuses of military dictation. But the worst aspect of all this Dreyfus affair, is that it has degenerated into an unexpected awakening of anti-Semitism in France, where only a very few military men had grumbled when a Jew, the ex-Captain Alfred Dreyfus, had been accepted as an officer in the general staff, that sanctuary of documents relative to national defence in France. On another hand, the real and great questions at issue, that of the citizen's right to a fair and public judgment, and of the illegality of creed or race prejudice against any one in France, have not been frankly discussed and finally settled. Their settlement, as said recently by an eminent diplomatist, will ultimately be accomplished, but, unhappily, it is doubtful whether this "surgical operation," absolutely necessary for the life of the French Constitution, can be performed without social disorders and even bloodshed.

Félix Aucaigne.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL HENRY CLARK CORBIN, U.S.A.

THE NEW ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

General Henry Clark Corbin, the new Adjutant-General of the Army of the United States, is, like General Miles, a graduate of the Volunteer service, which during the civil war developed so many military talents and soldierly qualities without the advantage of previous systematic training. He was born on a farm in Ohio, in September, 1842, his family being among the numerous emigrants to that State from Virginia. Before the breaking out of the war his experience had been that of the ordinary farmer's boy, with meagre opportunities for education.

His promptness in enlisting when he was under twenty years of age, and his steady and rapid advance until he became the Colonel of a regiment with the brevet rank of Brigadier-General at twenty-three, show that he was a born soldier, though circumstances had not previously revealed his natural vocation, and might never have done so but for the exigencies of the conflict between the North and the South. He was First Lieutenant in the Eighty-third Ohio Regiment, was transferred to the Seventy-ninth in 1863, and soon after commissioned as Major of the Fourteenth United States Colored Infantry. He became Lieutenant-Colonel the next year, and finally Colonel of the same regiment, which did gallant service in many

engagements, and was not mustered until May, 1866.

By this time the young Colonel had found his career, and he now received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the regular army. He became a Captain in the Thirty-eighth Infantry in July, 1866, and was transferred to the Twenty-fourth with the same rank in November, 1869. He was promoted to the rank of Major in 1880, and at the same time made Assistant Adjutant-General, serving successively on the staffs of Generals Hunt, Schofield, Terry, Crook, and Miles, and being advanced to Lieutenant-Colonel in 1889, and Colonel in 1896. During this period he saw arduous service on the frontier, and in the Indian campaigns against the Apaches in Arizona and the Sioux in Dakota.

General Corbin was on the commission with Generals Terry and Lawrence which treated with Sitting Bull when he took refuge in Canada after the Custer massacre, and was in the field with Miles during the Pine Ridge campaign of 1890–1. Afterwards he had direction under McCook of the movement for the repression of the Moquis in Arizona. In 1892 he was ordered on duty at the War Department in Washington, and was subsequently sent to Governors Island to be Chief of Staff of the Department of the East. Last October he was ordered back to Washington.

General Corbin's character and personal qualities have brought him into close relations not only with high officers of the army, but with the line of Presidents from Grant to the present time, and with many other public men.

He accompanied Garfield to the railway station on the day he encountered the assassin's bullet, and was by his bedside when he died at Elberon. His experience in every grade of the service and his association with important events and prominent men in civil as well as military life eminently qualify him for the duties of the office to which he has just been elevated.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Certainly every one who heard what the President said to the University of Pennsylvania on February 22d must have been more than momentarily moved. Recent happenings in the world have made the days solemn for most Americans, and that audience came together with a preoccupation of seriousness underlying their holiday spirit, and unchanged by the gayety of the music or the invigorating hurrahs of the undergraduates. And after the genuine emotions evoked by those words of Washington touching national honor and national benevolence, from which Mr. McKinley drew his own sermon—for sermon it seemed in this present hour, a sermon wise, reserved, and sincere—after the immediate effect of his utterance had passed, most of us, I think, must have felt that the University of Pennsylvania had lived an honorable and inspiring day, must have thanked the good old custom which blossomed this year into an occasion not local only, but somewhat national, if not in effect, in spirit most certainly. This custom was that the students should assemble upon the anniversary, and listen to Washington's Farewell Address read by the "First Honor" of the Junior Class, and to an oration by the "First Honor" of the Senior Class.

This time the First Honor became the President of the United States.

The result, the effect, of having such a person speak was so much more than happy, the good influence of collecting in the name of Learning and Patriotism a large number of people all bound by the same interest, and in their various ways, students and professors, all engaged upon the same large undertaking of being a university, was so stimulating to the cause that one hopes the custom as it now is will be permanent, and that every year we may go to hear the words of a man who in speaking to us will be listened to by the nation.

If instead of Mr. McKinley it had been, let us say, Martin Van Buren, or Monroe, or Tyler, or, for that matter, any other of our Presidents in this century, who had been invited by the University of Pennsylvania to be its orator at these traditional ceremonies, that President would probably first have declined the invitation, and probably next have inquired what and where the University of Pennsylvania might be; and it is to be feared that not many could have been found to tell him. The other colleges of Colonial foundation, from Massachusetts southward to Virginia, leavening their communities with cherished traditions and civilized outlook, stood to the fore in their respective commonwealths. Pennsylvania alone, founded by Franklin in 1749, having lived deep in the midst of great men and deeds, in a town where the heart of history had been throbbing—this seat of learning did not fill with life, but grew vacant of every sign of it. You would have predicted the reverse. With such a birthright you would have expected the place to become vital with the movement and the greatness that surrounded it; that it would generate sons something like the fathers who had signed the Declaration of Independence at its very doors. But the College of Philadelphia (as its name was at first) steadily sank from the marked influence it had possessed before the Revolution. Its School of Medicine alone saved it from an almost total obscurity. In spite of here and there an eminent professor, whose name can be seen to-day upon the lists of the past, no strangers came to be taught by these men. The youth of Philadelphia who went to the college left their homes in the morning and returned in the afternoon, and the cause of learning did not greatly warm the hearts of either themselves or their parents. How the college came so near oblivion is told in a word—it was politics. After the Revolution there was a mob called Democracy; no real Democracy; not the Democracy of which Mr. McKinley spoke to the students—that arena where all alike must fight for the thing they want, where poverty is no more a virtue than riches are a vice—but a mob with destruction for its cardinal instinct. The mob hated the quiet conservative college spirit, and the college was overthrown. When revived, it was with such restrictions, such jealous watch against any distinction of talent or scholarship, that all chance of eminence was suspended. In this fate the college made but a piece of the town and of the whole State. They mildewed together. The particular spirit in Pennsylvania which insisted upon one man's resembling another, and resented all ideals save mediocrity, has been clearly and remorselessly demonstrated by Mr. Sydney Fisher in his book upon the Commonwealth. Its origins are traced, its inveterate disregard of eminent citizens recorded. The story is not a tale of credit to us. One of its lighter but most significant results is that we are a species of proverb.

Indeed, all this would be hard to speak of but for the many signs of hope and change. These date, I take it, from the Centennial Exhibition. Next, public calamity created our admirable National Guard; presently good architecture began to appear; but while these things were happening at large an energy came to preside over and awake the University of Pennsylvania. Vigorous men were put there, innovations started, new buildings and generous money given, professorships endowed; and while it was not all to the taste of everybody, why how could it be? Perfection, save for sporadic instants, does not occur in the world; and meanwhile the energy went on, with much applause and many jeers, both equally deserved, it is quite likely. At any rate, we suddenly find to-day, and we very keenly felt, as those students (now 2800 instead of 800) gave their full-volumed and vigorous cheers for what Mr. McKinley had said to them, that this is no longer an obscure provincial academy; that it has the life of a great institution stirring in it. With its athletics and its library and its museums, and its men who are pursuing original work in that quiet, unplacarded, devoted way that is the only one which true scholars countenance, the University of Pennsylvania understands the progress that counts, the sodality that upholds, the spirit that attains.

Owen Wister.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

Ladies are greatly benefited by Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the South American Tonic.—[*Adv.*]

The Original Angostura Bitters is manufactured by C.W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore. Signature on label.—[*Adv.*]

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HINDS' HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

A FAIR SKIN

can always be insured, free from all imperfections—whether effects of exposure to heat or cold, sun or wind, or subject to chronic skin trouble—by using

HINDS' HONEY and ALMOND CREAM

RECOMMENDED ESPECIALLY FOR

Chapped Hands, Face and Lips, Rough, Hard, and Irritated Skin, Pimples, Chafing, Itching, Scaly Eruptions, Eczema, etc.

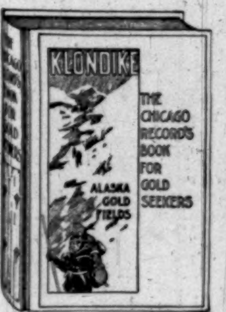
Free from oily or greasy properties, it leaves no visible trace of its use.

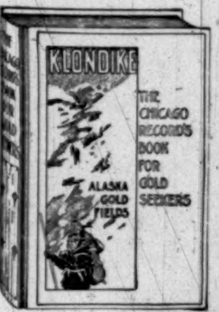
It softens, improves, and preserves the skin, and for the face makes the complexion pure and beautiful.

A SAMPLE BOTTLE sent for 6 (six) cents, with descriptive book.

For sale at Druggists, or sent, charges prepaid, 50 cents.

A. S. HINDS, 72-E Pine Street, Portland, Maine.





KLONDIKE:

The Chicago Record's Book for Gold Seekers

424 pages. Nearly 100 illustrations.

Gives location of all gold fields in Alaska and British Yukon country.

How to get to them.

What it costs to reach them, with necessary outfit.

What to do when you get there.

How to prospect for gold.

Every route described in detail, with good, clear maps and complete tables of distances.

Mining laws and land regulations of United States and Canada complete.

Method of procedure in locating and filing claims.

In addition a great store of miscellaneous information of great interest and educational value.

Complete and exhaustive index.

No expense has been spared to make "THE CHICAGO RECORD'S BOOK FOR GOLD SEEKERS" indispensable to the prospective gold-seeker and a treasure for every library. Of a high order in a literary, typographical, and artistic sense. Bound in art canvas, with beautiful cover design in three colors.

Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00 by THE CHICAGO RECORD, 181 Madison St., Chicago.

WILLIAMS' JERSEY CREAM Toilet Soap

Just Like Cream

IN ITS

Refreshing, Clarifying, Beautifying

Effect upon the skin. This effect is due to the High Quality of the Soap, Delicacy of Perfume and its remarkable

MEDICINAL PROPERTIES.

Sample Cake mailed to any address upon receipt of 2c.

Full-sized Cake 15c.

Address Dept. H, The J.B.WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

Mfrs. for over 50 years of the Famous Williams' Shaving Soaps.

"*Just the Nicest.*"

LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATE BONBONS.

"Lowney" on every piece.

OUR SAMPLE OFFER: *For ten cents in stamps we send a sample package of our finest goods.*

When not to be had of dealers, we send, on receipt of retail price, 1-lb. box, 60c.; 2-lb. box, $1.20; 3-lb. box, $1.80; 5-lb. box, $3.00. Delivered free in United States. Address all correspondence to

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.
106 Pearl St., Boston.

New York Retail Store, 1123 Broadway (above 25th St.).
Boston Retail Store, 416 Washington St. (below Summer).

BOKER'S BITTERS

The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.

Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

Seed Raised from carefully selected cabbage, onion, carrot, beet, &c., and yet at as low prices as seed raised from trash. Try the *Surprise Pea*, warranted to be the *very earliest* of all the wrinkled sorts. Try the Enormous potato (604 bus. per measured acre) the best of all the early beets, the new cabbage, cucumber, lettuce, etc. To have the best garden you will need our catalogue, it contains the best varieties of vegetable seed, many of them of our own raising. The Flower Seed page is of particular interest to wife and daughter. It is Free.

JAMES J. H. GREGORY & SON,
Established 43 years. Marblehead, Mass.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade. Our name spells:

S—O—H—M—E—R

New York Warerooms SOHMER BUILDING Fifth Ave., cor 22d St.

Arnold Constable & Co.

Spring and Summer

Dress Fabrics.

French Barège, Grenadine, Nun's-Veiling, Velours Russe, and Camel Hair Fabrics,

Homespuns, Poplins, Suitings,

Plain and Printed Challies,

Plaids, French Robes.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK.

CHICKEN

TAMALE

A MEXICAN PALATE

is not needed to appreciate the unique and appetizing deliciousness of **HELMET BRAND CHICKEN TAMALE.** A new Mexican dish, flavored with Mexican spices. Cooked in the corn husk. Prepared in our kitchens, the finest in the world, under the care of an experienced chef. Ready for instant use. **TRY IT.**

Ask your grocer for it, or send us 18 cts. in stamps for sample half-pound can. Address

ARMOUR PACKING CO.
KANSAS CITY MO. U.S.A.

A Safety Revolver

will ONLY GO OFF at the critical moment.

A powerful Shooting Weapon; 32 calibre. Very short barrel. Therefore specially desirable for **bicyclists**, as it may be carried in the pocket without inconvenience. Descriptive catalogue free.

SMITH & WESSON,
15 Stockbridge Street, - - Springfield, Mass.

HARPER'S

It is really no exaggeration to say that it is the best illustrated magazine that has ever been published in the English language.—*The Chap-Book*, Chicago.

From the first issue up to the present time it has been the same bright, clean, interesting, and instructive publication.—*Christian Work*, N. Y.

MAGAZINE

TRIP TO SPAIN A party of young ladies is organizing for a tour through Spain, France, the Rhine, and Holland, under the chaperonage of a lady and gentleman of high social standing speaking five languages, and who have lived and travelled much abroad. References given and required. Annoyances of foreign travel done away with. Address **P. O. Box 478, Milwaukee, Wis.**

NORTH CAPE to **Gibraltar**, etc. **Two Select Parties.** 15th season. Address Mrs. M. A. Crosley, 502 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

In Diseases of Women.

The late J. Marion Sims, M.D., LL.D., *The Father of Gynæcology, a short while before his death, wrote:* "I have used in my practice the Water of Spring **No. 2** of the Buffalo Lithia Springs, of Mecklenburg County, Va., for several years past, and have, **in many cases, found it highly beneficial.**"

Dr. Wm. T. Howard, *Professor of Diseases of Women and Children in the Univ. of Maryland,* referring to Spring **No. 1**, endorses these Waters in the highest terms: "**In all the affections peculiar to women that are remedial at all by mineral waters;**" and adds as follows: "If I were called upon to state from what mineral waters **I have seen the greatest and most unmistakable amount of good accrue, in the largest number of cases in a general way, I would unhesitatingly say, the Buffalo Lithia Springs,** in Mecklenburg County, Va."

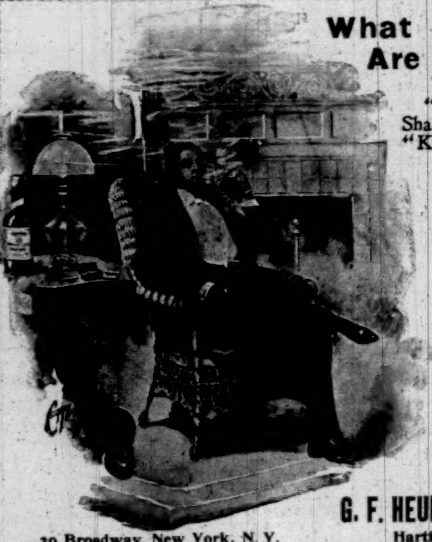
Dr. Thomas P. Atkinson, *ex-President of the Medical Society of Virginia:* "In many of the **Diseases of Women,** especially in disturbed conditions of the Monthly Function, where unconnected with organic disease, **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** may be regarded **as wellnigh a specific.**"

George Halsted Boyland, M.A., M.D., *Paris, France, Member of the Academy of Medicine of Paris:* "My experience with the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** convinces me that **Buffalo** Lithia is perhaps **more than any other water in the world a specific for** diseases of the female pelvic organs. **As a regulator of disturbed conditions of the monthly function, I know of nothing at all comparable to it.**"

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER for sale by Druggists and Grocers generally. Pamphlet on application.

Springs open for Guests from June 15th to October 1st.

PROPRIETOR, BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VA.



What Are Club Cocktails?

"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first-class dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.

39 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Hartford, Conn. London.

Runnymede Club Whisky

IS BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER DIRECT SUPERVISION OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, GUARANTEEING THE AGE AND ABSOLUTE PURITY, AS CERTIFIED BY THE GOVERNMENT STAMP ON EACH BOTTLE MAKES ADULTERATION IMPOSSIBLE. IT IS OBTAINABLE FROM ALL RELIABLE DEALERS WHEREVER THE BEST WHISKIES ARE SOLD. IF NOT AT YOUR DEALER'S, WRITE TO US.

R. F. BALKE & CO.,
DISTILLERS AND BOTTLERS IN BOND. Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A.

What Is It?

Why, the most delicious and exquisite

Natural Champagne

Fermented in the bottle. Excels in health-giving properties. Ask your dealer for it, or address

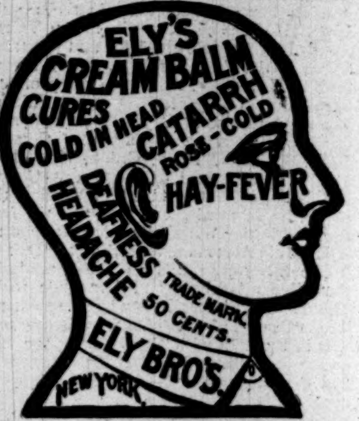
The New Hammondsport Wine Co.
Hammondsport, N. Y.

To more thoroughly introduce our productions, we will deliver at any point in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains having an express office, one assorted case containing twelve bottles as follows: One pint each of Golden Age, Beef Iron and Wine, and Cognac Process Brandy, and nine quart bottles of assorted Still Wines, making 1 doz. varieties, on receipt of address accompanied with $6.00.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

for a generous

10 CENT TRIAL SIZE.



ELY'S CREAM BALM

contains no cocaine, mercury nor any other injurious drug. It opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at once. 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size 10 cts. at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York

Stella IS SO INFINITELY SUPERIOR TO ANY

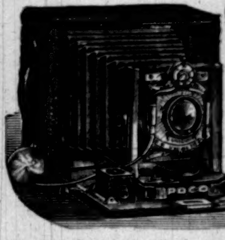
other disk Music Box as to be

IN A CLASS BY ITSELF.

Sweetest Tone, Best Quality.

Plays any number of tunes from smooth metallic sheets. No pins or projections to break off. **IDEAL BOXES**, single and interchangeable cylinders at special discount. Play from 6 to 600 tunes. These boxes set the standard for the world.

JACOT & SON, 39 E. Union Sq., N. Y.



Camera Perfection

is reached only through perfect workmanship and the perfection of details.

POCOS ARE PERFECT.

No camera equals the Poco because none is built like it. No camera is as cheap as the Poco because none gives the purchaser so much for so little.

The Poco Book tells all about styles, sizes, lenses and prices. You'll find it profitable reading.

The Rochester Camera Co.
43 Elizabeth St., Rochester, N. Y.

In buying seeds "**economy is extravagance,**" because the cost of cultivation wasted on inferior seeds always largely exceeds the original cost of the best and dearest seeds to be had. **The best is always the cheapest.** Pay a trifle more for

FERRY'S SEEDS

And *always* get your money's worth. Five cents per paper everywhere. Always the best. Seed Annual free.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief **ASTHMA.** Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

VIOLETTES DU CZAR

(Czar's Violets) CONCENTRATED PERFUMES

LATEST NOVELTIES SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED:

ROYAL ŒILLET (carnation) — GRANDE DUCHESSE, FUNKIA of JAPAN

L. LEGRAND (ORIZA-PERFUMERY), 11, Place de la Madeleine, PARIS.

TREES-SHRUBS-ROSES

The largest and most complete collections in America, including all desirable **novelties.** General Catalogue (168 pages) free. Every intending buyer should have it. *"An indispensable catalogue."—Country Gentleman.*

ELLWANGER & BARRY, Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N.Y.

MR. H. G. TREVOR'S CHAMPION POODLE, "MILO."

MR. E. L. KRAUS'S WOLF-HOUND BITCH "MIRZA."

MR. J. LORILLARD ARDEN'S CHAMPION BULL-TERRIER, "TOMMY TICKLE."

FINE DOGS ON THE BENCH.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

THE twenty-second annual bench show for dogs has just been held by the Westminster Kennel Club at Madison Square Garden, and it was the most successful exhibition of the kind that ever took place in this country. The success of the show was of a double nature, as the dogs exhibited were particularly fine and the attendance was extremely large, though the weather of two of the four days of the show was very bad. The popularity of such exhibitions proves how abiding is our affection for our canine friends. It is quite safe to say that not one in a hundred of the visitors who went to Madison Square Garden owned dogs; probably not one in fifty ever owned a dog. And yet they were interested in examining the splendid specimens that were entered for competition, and they were, as a rule, also critical in their comments on the merits of the individuals, and of the justice of the awards made by the judges.

The most interesting feature of a bench show is found in the judging ring. Persons who have not watched a bench-show judge at work can form no idea of the careful way in which he goes about it. Dogs are judged by points, and the highest award is given to the one with the highest score.

Take the Boston terrier, for instance, and here is the standard for judging:

Skull	12
Ears	2
Eyes	5
Stop	2
Muzzle	12
Neck	5
Body	15
Elbows	2
Fore legs	4
Hind legs	4
Feet	2
Tail	10
Color	8
Markings	4
Coat	3
General appearance and style	10
Total	100

It is not usually necessary for a judge to put down the score for all the dogs in each class. Take a dozen dogs in one ring, and it is extremely probable that three or four will so manifestly outclass the others in conformation and symmetry that the judge only needs to put down the score of each of these to place them relatively. But even this takes a long time, and it is an anxious time for the trainers and owners. The trainers enter into the business with the greatest keenness, and display wonderful skill in inducing the dogs to show to the best advantage. And, by-the-way, I have often suspected that these trainers know the dogs even better than the judges who make the awards. This would only be natural, for many of these trainers may be said to be kennel-bred, and they spend all their lives with dogs. One might naturally suppose that such men would be rough and coarse, but such is not the case; on the contrary, they are generally very kind, well mannered, and considerate. To be fond of a good dog and live in companionship with it is, indeed, at once an education and a wholesome discipline.

MR. CHARLES S. PHELPS'S CHAMPION ENGLISH SETTER, "ANTONIO."

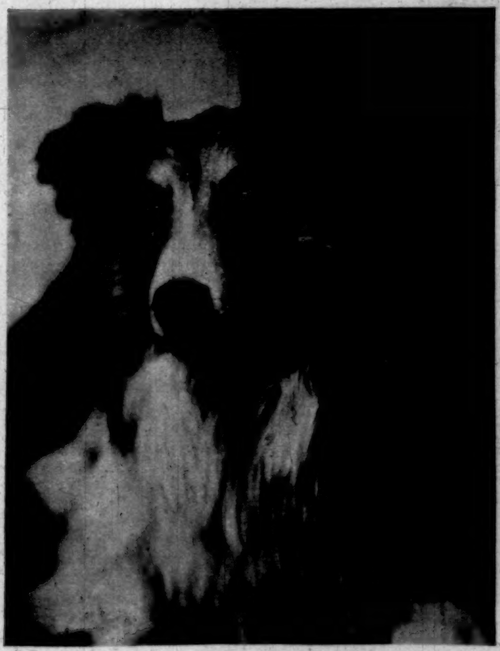
DR. LOUGEST'S CHAMPION BLOOD-HOUND, "SIMON DE SUDBURY."

It is singular how the fashions in dogs change from year to year. Three years ago it seemed likely that the Russian wolf-hound would win a permanent favor, but such has not been the case. It is a very showy dog, but seems to be difficult to rear in this country, and many gentlemen who went into the breeding of this type have given it up. And so the class this year was smaller than hitherto. So also is the mastiff losing favor. Ten years ago the class for this extraordinarily valuable watch-dog was five or six times as large as it is now, and the number of breeders was proportionately great. This is a case of giving a dog a bad name. The mastiff family has been made to suffer in repute and in popularity by reason of the deeds of mongrels miscalled mastiffs, because in these mongrels the mastiff type appeared to the uncritical to predominate. As a matter of fact, the mastiff is remarkably intelligent, and also kind and gentle. Even in doing the work for which he is best suited a well-trained and well-bred mastiff will guard property and prevent theft without biting. His mere presence in a yard is a menace to thieves, and the deep low growl of one of these big fellows will effectually discourage the most enterprising tramp who ever lived by mendicancy and petty stealing.

That new American type, the Boston terrier, continues to gain in popularity, and more of these symmetrical little fellows were benched this year than ever before. But the Boston terrier is no longer a novelty. Formerly those on exhibition were looked at with curiosity rather than with knowledgable appreciation, but now at the show they are criticised much in the same way as the other and older types. The French bull-dogs were the curiosities this year; it is true they had been exhibited before, but not so many of them. Whether or not they will win permanent favor is a matter of difficult speculation. It will surely be many years before they attain the popularity of the English bull-dog. Why this dog should be so engaging has always been a mystery to me. It is not as bright in intelligence as other much better-looking animals, though, to be sure, it is faithfulness itself. Most dogs, however, may be trusted implicitly. Even the yellow cur and the snarling mongrel are capable of great affection for those who treat them well—or ill, for that matter. I would believe that the popularity of this dog was merely a fad, were it not for the fact that the popularity has lasted so long. "For style," I overheard a lady say at the show, "I prefer a bull-dog over any other." It may be that in this instance this preference was due to a love of contrast—a case of Beauty and the Beast.

The two Esquimau dogs on exhibition, one of them the property of Mr. Peary, the arctic explorer, attracted

MR. A. L. GOODE'S CHAMPION BOSTON TERRIER, "MONTE."



MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S CHAMPION COLLIE "ORNAMENT"—(Not exhibited this year.)

AN ESQUIMAU PUPPY, BORN IN NEW YORK.

MR. W. GOULD BROKAW'S CHAMPION POINTER, "SIR WALTER."

much attention, and the boys who delight in tales of adventure appeared to be particularly interested. This type of dog has often been seen here, and there have been occasional unsuccessful efforts to breed and naturalize them. But the dogs do not thrive in this climate, and it is just as well that they should be left where they belong. Another type, once very familiar and common, but almost rare enough now to be considered a curiosity, the Dalmatian, or coach-dog, was exhibited this year, after a long absence from the bench. It is true there were only four of them, but these are owned by persons of great fashion. So it would not be wonderful if the spotted coach-dog once more was taken into favor. Why it should have lost favor I never understood; probably the fox-terrier, a determined enemy of rats and other vermin, was found to be more useful about a stable. Then again the fox-terrier is a more attractive dog than the Dalmatian. Indeed, I am inclined to think that the fox-terrier is the most gentlemanlike of all the canine race. To be sure, he is totally lacking in dignity and impressiveness, not being comparable in these regards to large dogs, such as St. Bernards, mastiffs, Great Danes, and blood-hounds, but he is extremely nice in his habits, and his manners are those of a born aristocrat.

JAPANESE SPANIEL.

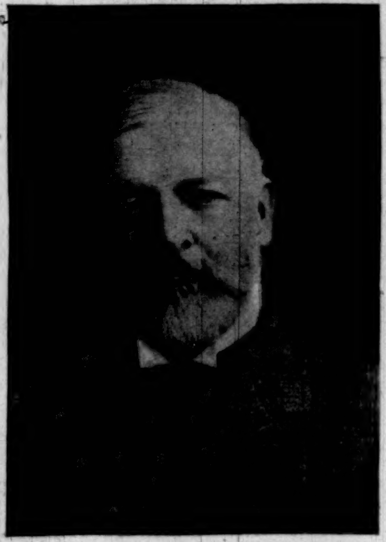
The most notable thing about the exhibition of collies was the absence from the show of the dogs of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. In previous years Mr. Morgan's collies carried everything before them, and as his kennels are now richer than ever in fine specimens of this beautiful type, it is quite certain that, had he sent his dogs from Cragston, they would have repeated the winnings of previous years. Mr. Morgan, in deciding not to make an exhibit from his kennels, was probably influenced by the generous desire to give the other breeders a chance. Surely there was no collie in the show comparable with the star of Cragston, Ornament. To be sure, the prize-winner in the champion class, Mr. Murray's Old Hall Paris—a most singular name, by-the-way—is a very fine dog, as is also his chief competitor, Wellesbourne Wonder, from the Chestnut Hill kennels.

ST. BERNARD PUPPY "WONDER S." AND HIS TRAINER.
Thirty-seven Inches high at Shoulders, and weighs 240 Pounds.

THE NAVY OF SPAIN.

SPAIN'S navy is formidable or weak solely by comparison with other navies. Just now a comparison exists with that of our own country, and, as a result, many erroneous statements have been made as to the strength of Spain's war-ships. It has been spread broadcast, on the one hand, that this country is vastly superior to Spain in naval strength; and on the other, that Spain would simply overwhelm us in a naval fight. The truth is that on paper Spain has in the number of ships almost double the number of ours. In real fighting-ships—that is, armored vessels—the countries are almost equally matched. In effective cruisers of the unarmored type this country has the advantage. In torpedo-gunboats, Spain leads. In ordinary torpedo-boats the United States has the advantage, because she could use hers, and Spain's could not cross the ocean easily.

Spain has only one first-class battle-ship, the *Pelayo*. She is new, and fit to cope with our *Indiana*. We have three vessels of that grade ready for work. Spain has nine second-class battle-ships. They are the *Infanta Maria Teresa, Almirante Oquendo, Vizcaya, Carlos V., Princesa de Asturias, Cardenal Cisneros, Cataluna, Numancia*, and *Vitoria*. The last two are of iron, and have muzzle-loading guns. They are out of date. The others are modern, are armed with 11-inch guns (28 cm.), and resemble our *Texas* in respect to armor and armament, and are somewhat like our armored cruisers in respect to speed. We have only one such ship, now that the *Maine* is gone. We have four Monitors and two armored cruisers—the *New York* and *Brooklyn*—as well as the *Texas*, to cope with Spain's seven active fighters of the second class. The armament on both sides in this second grade is about equal. Spain has no vessels like our *New York* and *Brooklyn*.



MR. JAMES MORTIMER,
Superintendent Westminster Kennel Club's Bench Show.

It is upon these eight armored ships that Spain must depend to do her fighting, should war come with the United States. Most of the second-grade vessels are brand-new, equipped with the most modern appliances. They represent what might be called Spain's new navy. They are 20-knot ships theoretically, in addition to being practically battle-ships. The *Infanta Maria Teresa* is the oldest, and she was launched in 1890. Most of the others have been completed since 1895.

In first-class unarmored ships, vessels like our *Baltimore*, of about 4500 tonnage, Spain has only two, the *Alfonso XIII.* and *Lepanto*. They carry 8-inch rifles, are supposed to have 20-knot speed, and have been in service only about four years. Three similar vessels are being constructed, but it will be several months before they are ready for service. Of second-class unarmored cruisers, vessels of about 3500 tonnage, Spain has only three modern ships—the *Alfonso XII., Reina Cristina*, and *Reina Mercedes*. She has three others, the *Castilla, Aragon*, and *Navarra*, but they are of wood, and of course not serviceable in a contest with ships carrying modern guns.

Then Spain has a dozen war-ships of the gunboat class, those of about 1100 tonnage—small craft, indeed, and about the size of our *Castine*. Among these vessels are the *Marqués de la Ensenada, Isla de Cuba, Isla de Luzón, Velasco, Infanta Isabel, Isabel II., Conde de Venadito, Don Juan de Austria, Don Antonio de Ulloa, Dona Maria Molina, Marqués de la Victoria*, and *Alvaro Bazán*. Some of these little boats have been doing service in Cuban waters, endeavoring to catch filibusters from this country. Their success in that respect is probably an indication of their utility in warfare.

In comparison with these seventeen unarmored vessels of Spain, the United States has nearly as many, and of a high grade. They are such ships as the *San Francisco, Cincinnati, Raleigh, Montgomery, Detroit, Machias, Marblehead*, immediately available, besides other vessels that might be recalled from the Pacific, like the *Bennington, Concord, Yorktown, Charleston, Olympia, Philadelphia*, and others, to say nothing of some of our wooden ships, fairly serviceable for guard and other light work, and the battle-ship *Oregon* and Monitors *Monterey* and *Monadnock* on our western coast.

Spain is comparatively strong in sea-going torpedo-boats. Her vessels in this grade range from 500 to 700 tons, have a speed of about 20 knots, and are fitted with rapid-firing guns of a small size. This torpedo equipment about equals that of our torpedo flotilla. According to the latest reports, among these torpedo-boats are the *Filipinas, Temerário, Nueva España, Martin Alonso, Vincente Yañez, Galicia, Marqués de Molino, Destructor*, and *Audaz*. In the lists of Spain's war-ships given in Spanish newspapers there are always from thirty to forty other vessels mentioned, but they have no place in Brassey's *Naval Annual*, and are set down in that authoritative publication as "small steamers" from 80 to 350 tons. In less than a month this country will have about ten ordinary torpedo-boats available, but none of what is known as the ocean-going class.

The strength of a modern navy lies, however, deeper than guns, armor, ammunition, or men. It lies in the coal in the bunkers, or the amount of coal that is within easy reach. No navy can go beyond swift retreat to its coal-heaps. In a naval contest, therefore, the advantage always lies, other things being equal, with the nation on the defensive.

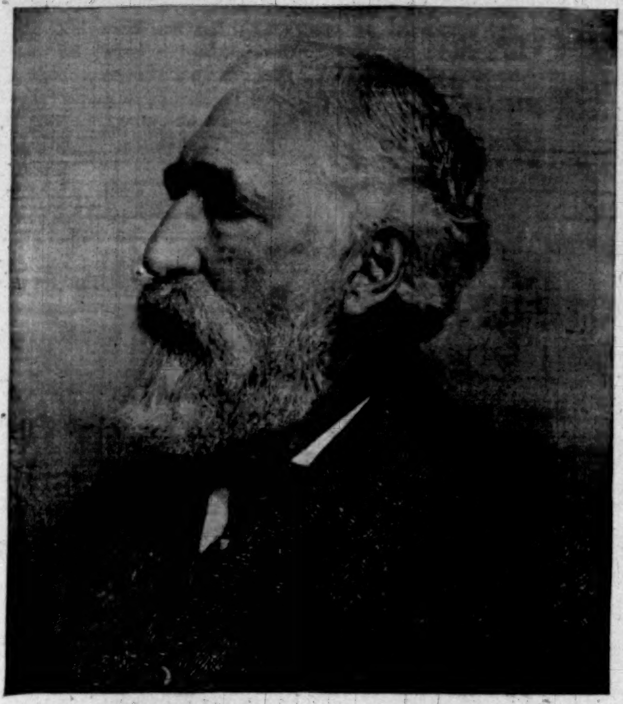
The visit of the second-class battle-ship *Vizcaya*, of the Spanish navy, to New York Harbor, probably has done much to impress the citizens of the United States with the fact that Spain's formidable vessels are not only modern, but newer than most of the strong fighting craft of the United States.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE ON THE NIGER.

UNDOUBTEDLY French encroachments on English territory in West Africa have reached a point where they must result either in war or in the final abandonment of France's strivings after an unbroken empire from St. Louis to Obok, from the Atlantic to the Red Sea. Under ordinary circumstances a territorial dispute in the Lagos hinterland could readily be settled by arbitration. But to-day the circumstances are not ordinary. It is not impossible that a bold colonial policy might be thought convenient for rescuing the French Republic from its present precarious condition, and diverting attention from the Dreyfus affair; while on England's side there is a suspicion that already enough has been yielded in Siam, Madagascar, and Tunis, without further concessions along the banks of the Niger, and a disposition to resist, at any cost, the closing up of commercial areas that have once been thrown open. There is of course no question that should France succeed in getting control of the Lower Niger she would reserve that main avenue of West African trade for her own exclusive use. It is once more Great Britain's good fortune that her policy of enlightened self-interest should make her stand forth as the sole champion of free commerce against individual privileges, of open and unrestricted competition against selfish reservation. In the case of West Africa her position is strengthened by the consciousness of standing well within her legal rights. The Anglo-French treaty of 1890 fixed the boundaries of British territory by a line drawn from Say on the Niger to Barrua on Lake Chad, and so deflected as to include, in the words of the agreement, "all that properly belongs to the kingdom of Sokoto." It is this kingdom of Sokoto that the French have now invaded; nor is it the only aggression of which England has had to complain recently. In 1890 the Royal Niger Company concluded treaties with the kings of Borgu and Gando, whose territories lie along the right bank of the Niger. The kings received subsidies from the company, acknowledged Great Britain's suzerainty, and placed themselves under her control. These treaties remained uncontested till 1894, when France, having in the mean time secured Dahomey, found them obstructive to her development of the immediate interior, and set about disputing them. A rush was instantly made to secure fresh treaties from the King of Borgu, and three expeditions left England, France, and Germany almost simultaneously with that purpose. The English embassy, under Captain Lugard, beat the French mission led by Captain Decœur by a fortnight, and succeeded in placing Great Britain's claim to the Lagos hinterland beyond question. The French at once changed their tactics, declared that treaties counted for very little, and that an effectual suzerainty could only be established by actual occupancy. Acting on this novel theory, which of course has received no international recognition, she continued to send out little filibustering expeditions from Dahomey, in spite of continued remonstrances from Downing Street. In particular while the Royal Niger Company was engaged in fighting in Nupe and Ilorin—two provinces that lie between Borgu and the mouth of the Niger—the French occupied Boussa, the capital of Borgu, and one or two other towns that were equally within the sphere of British influence. Those towns she is still in possession of, in clear contravention of treaty rights; and further efforts on her part to gain control of the Lower Niger were only stopped by the prompt despatch of a British force last October. The situation, therefore, has been extremely delicate for several months. The legal justice of the case seems to be wholly on the side of England; but France can show proof of actual occupancy, of that possession which may turn out to be nine points of international as well as common law. For the past eighteen years she has spent millions of francs in developing her West African estate. She has cut off the hinterland from the British possessions of Gambia and Sierra Leone, in part, too, from the Gold Coast. The control of the navigable portion of the Niger is all she needs to spread her dominion from the Senegal to the Nile, and the present crisis will determine whether she or England, which in this instance represents the whole world, shall have free access to the Sudan and its resources.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

"HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE."—BY "C. DE HURST."—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE, $1 25.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.



Portrait Copyrighted by Rockwood, 1897.

THE WARNER LIBRARY COMPLETED THIS MONTH.

The Special Introductory Price to be Immediately Advanced.

AFTER more than two years of constant labor, the Library of the World's Best Literature, under the editorial direction of Charles Dudley Warner, is nearly finished. Its completion will be a distinct literary event. The special introductory price under the arrangement made by Harper's Weekly Club will positively be withdrawn when the last volumes (which are now on the press) are issued.

Readers will do well to make note of this fact, since by joining the Club now they will obtain the work at nearly one-half the price at which it will hereafter be sold. We have no hesitation in advising our readers to take advantage of this opportunity. We believe the Warner Library is a work of such extraordinary character that it will sooner or later find its way into every home of culture and refinement. The fact that such a marvellous survey of the literature of the world, with the exposition and criticism of the foremost living men of letters, can be had for a sum less than the cost of the simplest collection of single volumes makes this a work which from the mere standpoint of economy no lover of books can afford to be without.

The Library is not only an immense saving of time and study, but of money as well. A postal card sent to the Harper's Weekly Club, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York, will secure full particulars regarding the favorable terms upon which it is now being offered to Club members. We believe there are few of our readers who will not feel we have done them a special service in calling their attention to this monumental work and giving timely notice of the withdrawal of low Club price.

The MARCH

American Monthly Review of Reviews.

Edited by ALBERT SHAW.

THE RUSH TO THE KLONDIKE.

One Hundred Thousand Prospectors This Year—Is there Room Left for New Claims?—The Output This Season and in the Future—The Methods of Mining and Living—Characteristics of the Country.

By SAM STONE BUSH. With Thirty Illustrations.

AN AUTHENTIC ARTICLE FROM FIRST-HAND OBSERVATION.

ZOLA AND THE ANTI-JEWISH CRUSADE.

I. THREATS OF A NEW ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

II. M. DRUMONT, WHO RINGS THE TOCSIN. AN INTERVIEW by Valerian Gribayedoff.

III. DR. NORDAU ON THE JEWS AND THEIR FEARS. AN INTERVIEW by Robert H. Sherard.

IV. M. ZOLA ON FRENCH ANTI-SEMITISM. AN INTERVIEW by Robert H. Sherard.

THE PREVENTION OF LYNCHINGS. By EDW. L. PELL, D.D.

THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.

I. THE BLOWING UP OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "MAINE."

II. THE DE LOME LETTER AND THE CUBAN SITUATION.

ELECTION SCHOOLS IN ST. LOUIS. By WM. F. SAUNDERS

IN THE DEPARTMENTS.

Nine Routes to the Klondike...."Shall We Annex Leprosy?"....The Ambitious Projects of Germany....England's Crisis; Europe at War with Her....Silver in the Next Election....Speaker Reed as a Protector....The Assassination of President Barrios....Tributes to Alphonse Daudet.

MANY OTHER SUBJECTS IN PICTURES AND TEXT.

NO ALERT AMERICAN SHOULD MISS THIS NUMBER.

These outlines of the timely and important contributions of a single number explain such letters as the REVIEW OF REVIEWS has recently received from Mr. THEODORE ROOSEVELT:

"The REVIEW OF REVIEWS does really important work, because it gives not merely an epitome of what is going on in the world, but a chance to every man of whatever political creed, who writes seriously and deeply, to reach the classes of our people most interested in the vital government and social problems of our time. I know that through its columns views have been presented to me that I could not otherwise have had access to; because all earnest and thoughtful men, no matter how widely their ideas diverge, are given free utterance in its columns."

Price on all news-stands, 25 cents. Subscription, $2.50 per year.

SPECIAL OFFER Trial subscription, for six months. $1.00 Use this coupon.

The Review of Reviews Co., 13 Astor Place, New York.

ELK RAZOR STROP

Sharpens razors quickest and best because of peculiar construction. Made of elk hide and tanned by special process, hones and strops at same time, gives an ideal edge, keeps razors in condition all the time. Barbers will quickly see its wonderful properties.

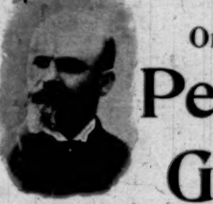
Sent for One Dollar. Delivered anywhere in the United States.

Money refunded if not satisfactory. Send cash or Post-Office order to

NEW ENGLAND LEATHER CO. 33 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

CHEW

Beeman's



The Original Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.

The Garford CAVALRY SADDLE IS THE VICTORIOUS MOUNT

WE are known as the largest makers of bicycle saddles in the world.

Man's Woman's

The CAVALRY Saddle is the finest product of our factory.

Price, $4.00, both Styles.

Handsome Art Catalogue Free.

THE GARFORD M'F'G CO. ELYRIA, OHIO.

PATRONIZE AMERICAN INDUSTRIES

WEAR KNOX'S HATS

MADE BY AMERICAN LABOR

KNOX NEW YORK.

FIRST PRIZE WINNERS

Our 1898 Mammoth Poultry Guide of 100 pages mailed FREE. Something entirely new, tells all about poultry, how to be a winner, how to MAKE BIG MONEY. Contains beautiful lithograph plate of fowls in their natural colors. Send 15 cts. for postage. JOHN BAUSCHER, Jr., Box 290, FREEPORT, ILL.

THE HAIR 27th Ed., 25c. (or stamps). Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy. By Prof. HARLEY PARKER. A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Phila., Pa. "Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

UNITARIAN LITERATURE sent free by MRS. JOHN LUTHER, Hingham, Mass.

SOME NEW FICTION

By MARIA LOUISE POOL

The Red-Bridge Neighborhood. A Novel. Illustrated by CLIFFORD CARLETON. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

By W. E. NORRIS

The Fight for the Crown. A Novel. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

By MAURUS JÓKAI

The Lion of Janina; Or, The Last Days of the Janissaries. A Turkish Novel. Translated by R. NISBET BAIN. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

By MAXWELL GRAY

Ribstone Pippins. A Country Tale. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

By WALTER FRITH

The Sack of Monte Carlo. An Adventure of To-day. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

By E. F. BENSON

The Vintage. A Romance of the Greek War of Independence. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

By LILIAN BELL

A Little Sister to the Wilderness. A Novel. New Edition. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York and London

THE PRICE

is not the only thing that has made

STANDARD PRICES

CRESCENT BICYCLES

SOLD BY AGENTS EVERYWHERE

POPULAR

No finer wheels in looks or quality. Crescent beauty speaks for itself.

Descriptive Catalogue FREE.

Chicago WESTERN WHEEL WORKS New York